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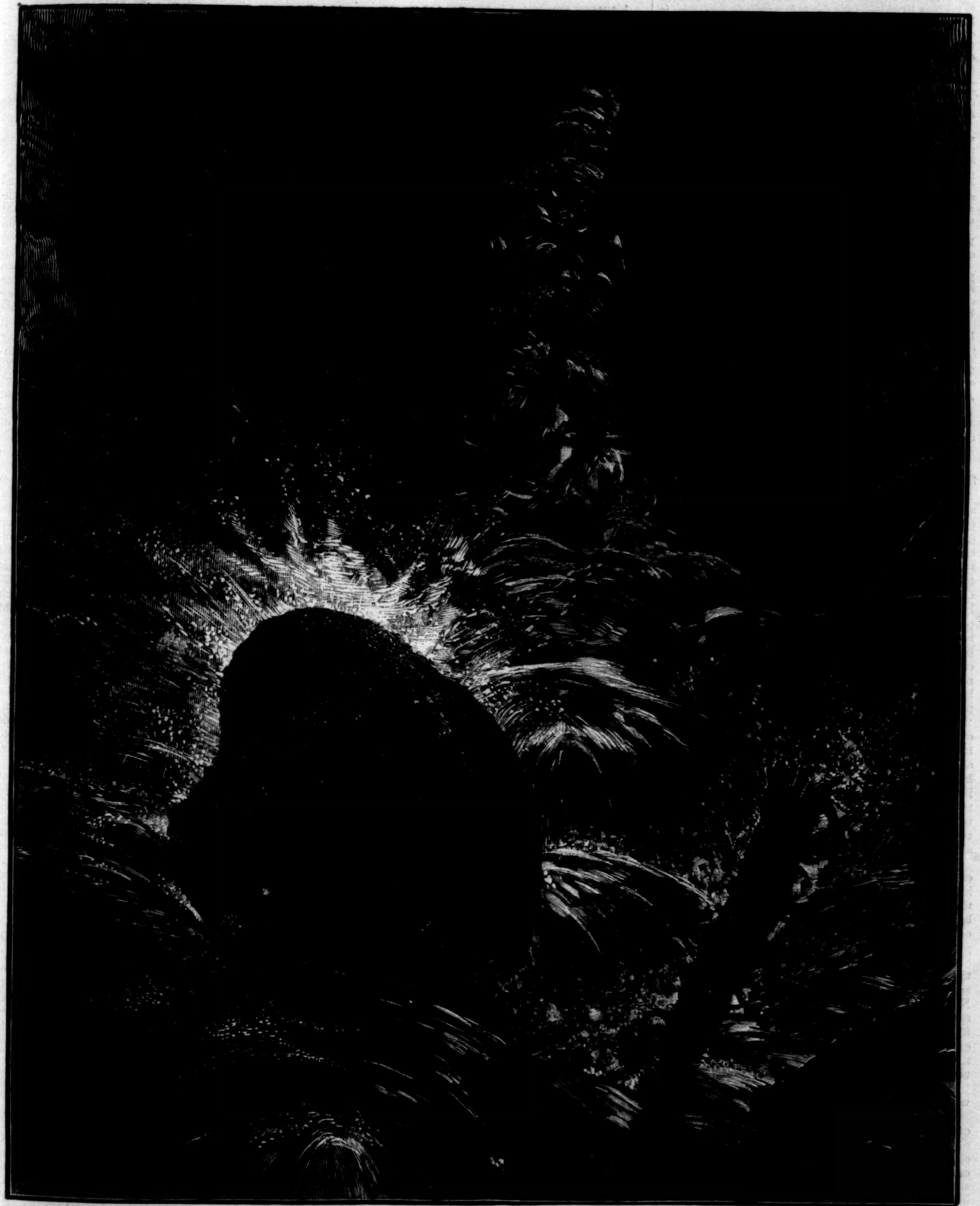


THE FALL OF THE BOWLDER.—DRAWN BY W. H. GIBSON.—[SEE PAGE 442.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1883.

WARNING.

We are informed that a person unknown to us, who calls himself W. C. ALEXANDER, *is soliciting railroad passes on a letter purporting to be signed by* HARPER & BROTHERS. *The letter is fraudulent.* HARPER & BROTHERS *do not solicit railroad or other passes for themselves or for persons employed by them.*

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August 1, 1883, addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December, 1883; and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in 1837 is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE CAUCUS.

THE contest for the Senatorship in New Hampshire, like that in Pennsylvania two or three years ago, and like the more recent contests in New York, Michigan, and Minnesota, shows that the caucus is no longer supreme, and that a caucus nomination is not necessarily equivalent to an election. In all these instances it was the Republican party which declined to be controlled by a caucus, and the fact illustrates a characteristic of that party which its leaders, especially the "machine," constantly forget. The Republican party is essentially intelligent and independent. It is the party of American principle and policy in their best and most generous sense, and there are always enough Republicans to decide an election who will not be dragooned, but who will do what they think best for the country. The mere party politicians suppose that any measure or any nomination which is "regular" will receive, of course, the support, however reluctant, of every member of the party. This is a fallacy which experience steadily refutes, but it is as steadily maintained by political Bourbons. They have but one cry, which is that parties are impossible if the decision of the majority upon party action be not respected. The simple persistency and air of triumph with which this proposition is repeated is pathetic. They say "an undisputed thing in such a solemn way."

The caucus is a great practical convenience under certain circumstances. But it is not indispensable even in the selection of a Senatorial candidate, as the practice in Massachusetts proves. It is convenient when but one man can be selected from a dozen equally excellent men, after due deliberation, to allow the majority to decide. But this agreement presupposes both equal fitness and perfectly fair dealing. The moment that any kind of dishonest influence, bargain, or patronage is introduced, the whole proceeding is void. Nobody is bound; and a majority, being a dishonest majority, has no moral significance whatever. Under the system of patronage known as the spoils, a caucus is always under just suspicion. It is presumptively not a body of free and honest voters. It is "put up" in the interest of this or that candidate, and the "managers" of the candidates are generally agents who stick at nothing.

It is the knowledge or the conviction of this state of things which makes intelligent men very wary of a caucus. It is used as a trap to catch them. If they can be induced to take part, they are aware of a general understanding that if they can not decide the action they are yet honorably bound by it. This, however, is true only under the conditions that we have mentioned. But it is thoughtlessly held to be true of every caucus. To a great many honest and independent men, therefore, it seems better to avoid a caucus altogether. This is the course which the opponents of Senator ROLLINS have pursued in New Hampshire. They are not satisfied with him as a suitable representative, and they naturally feared that his position would give him an illicit advantage in a caucus. The argument that when they find it impossible to elect a successor whom they prefer, they ought to vote for him because he has a larger number of supporters than any other candidate, has no weight whatever if there are circumstances which cause them to distrust the larger number. This is one of the inevitable evils of the spoils system. While it exists, a caucus must always be suspected, and so long as it endures the caucus system will fall justly more and more into disrepute.

A MISCHIEVOUS PLOT.

A SECRET movement to procure the removal of one of the most efficient and upright officers in the public service is a matter of great public interest, and such a movement has been undertaken to displace the Postmaster of New York. It is, of course, not a project for the improvement of the public service; it is the plot of politicians who wish to control the patronage of the office, a control which is impossible while Mr. PEARSON is Postmaster. Under the management of Mr. PEARSON and his predecessor, Mr. JAMES, the New York Post-office has been placed among the few best offices of the kind in the world. Its immense business is transacted with a smoothness, dispatch, and accuracy which would be impossible in any such office which was not conducted upon sound business principles and under a strict business supervision. The thorough organization of the office and its admirable efficiency have been secured in great part by withdrawing it from politics. It has ceased to be a "placer" for ward politicians. It is a public office managed solely for the public benefit, and it is therefore one of the strong arguments for retaining in power a party which has the good sense to see that honest and effective public service is the best appeal which a party can make for public confidence.

The real object of the effort to displace Mr. PEARSON is to throw the Post-office back into the mire of venal politics. But while this is the object, the plea for Mr. PEARSON's removal is that he is connected with a company which was instituted to violate the postal laws. The truth is that having signed an application for the incorporation of a District Telegraph Company, his name, we believe, appeared for a year, without his knowledge, as trustee. But he was never notified of his election, and has never attended a meeting, and owns no stock, and has nothing whatever to do with it. If a branch of the company is engaged in illicit business, he is entirely unconcerned in it.

The plot for Mr. PEARSON's removal has hitherto miscarried. Both the President and the Postmaster-General are undoubtedly aware that a change of the head of the New York Post-office, except for plain and conclusive reasons, would be a blow at the public convenience and service which would not be readily condoned. As "politics" it would be a very great mistake. But there is no good reason to suppose that the plot will succeed. It is opposed, not because Mr. PEARSON has any "vested right" in his office, but because the public has a right to protest against the removal of an experienced and efficient and honest postmaster as a move in a petty political game.

THE DANGEROUS SISTER-IN-LAW.

THE defeat of what *Punch* calls the Deceased Wife's Brother Bill in the House of Lords has naturally produced a great deal of disappointment and indignation in England. There is no question that public opinion strongly favors the bill. Its second reading passed the Lords by a majority in a very large House. The third reading was defeated in a smaller House by the vote of the bishops. And why should bishops make the laws? is the question which is instantly and angrily asked. Their action will certainly not deepen public attachment for the episcopal bench, nor increase confidence in the House of Lords.

One of the most curious incidents of the debate upon the subject, which has been carried on in religious newspapers as well as in Parliament, was the publication some time ago of a letter from the United States, which was said to have been written by a clergyman, and which contained the most extraordinary statements of the direful consequences which had arisen in this country from the permission of marriage with the sister of a deceased wife. A more ridiculous and false assertion could not have been made. But it was widely circulated in England, and seemed to have influence, for it was thought by Lord DALHOUSIE, who had charge of the bill in the House of Lords, to be sufficiently important to require confutation. He inclosed, therefore, extracts of this letter to many persons in the United States requesting an expression of their views upon its remarkable allegations, and the replies, promptly and completely disproving the calumny, were of great weight in carrying the second reading in the Lords. The domestic unhappiness, jealousy, infidelity, and crime, in various degrees and kinds, which the anonymous clergyman represented to be the consequences of a practice which is familiar in this country, were shown to be unknown, and it would be interesting to learn who it is that was willing so to slander his countrymen.

In point of fact, as reason and experience show, not only are such marriages often most desirable because of the children, but they are often singularly happy. The prohibition is a gross interference with that wise freedom of choice which is the truest social safeguard. It is an old ecclesiastical tradition which the good sense of England has outgrown, and the present defeat of the appeal is but an illustration of the stolidity of British conservatism, which wishes to do what has been always done, and to find in the existence of a law a reason for its continuance. The pertinacity with which the English clergy are said to resist the repeal suggests a singular domestic experience. Do they, as a class, acknowledge that the allegations of the opponents of repeal are true? Whatever their position, or the reasons for it, there seems to be no question that the bill will be passed at the next session, and the anxious clergy who have protested will be abandoned to the mercy of their sisters-in-law.

MR. KELLY ON MR. TILDEN.

WHETHER Mr. JOHN KELLY was born in this country we do not know, but he has a very imperfect idea of American laws and of characteristic American conduct if the report of a speech made by him at Springfield be correct. In that speech Mr. KELLY remarked that Mr. TILDEN should have told Congress in February, 1877, that he had been elected President, and that if it did not announce that fact and seat him, he should appeal to the people. This remark by a conspicuous Democratic leader, who controls a vote without which Democratic victory in New York is impossible, is made at the same time that Mr. RANDALL is denounced for not promoting civil war when he was Speaker. They are both illustrations of a spirit in the Democratic party which deepens the great distrust with which it is regarded. They deal with revolution in a way which in a free and intelligent country does not commend a party to popular favor.

If Mr. KELLY will glance at a document known as the Constitution of the United States, he will see that if Mr. TILDEN had taken the course that he recommends, Mr. TILDEN, trampling upon every form of law, would have asked the country, upon his simple assertion that he had been elected President, to sustain his claim by armed force. If he could produce adequate evidence that he had been elected, there would have been no need of appealing to the people. It was because he could not produce it, because the country was morally sure that his honest election could not be shown, that the question arose. To insist upon his assumption and to appeal to the people would have been merely to array the Democratic against the Republican party in arms. Mr. TILDEN was a very much better American and a very much wiser man than Mr. JOHN KELLY. He knew that revolution, however justifiable under certain circumstances, is not justifiable when based upon the alleged results of an intimidated election. He knew that however great Republican election offenses might be, Democratic election crimes were as perfectly well known. The forms of law, the spirit of law, and the moral probabilities were all against him, and his mentor JEFFERSON had taught him too well the grounds upon which alone revolution can hopefully appeal to the judgment of mankind to permit him to do as Mr. KELLY thinks that he ought to have done.

Mr. KELLY objects to Mr. TILDEN that he did not plunge the country into a bloody civil contest in which the republic would have perished. In making such an objection Mr. KELLY "gives his own measure," but nothing more. Even he does not venture to say that the country would have been to-day more peaceful, prosperous, freer, and more promising if Mr. TILDEN had invoked civil war instead of yielding to a lawful decision. A party in which Mr. KELLY is a powerful leader is a good party to keep out of power.

GOVERNOR BUTLER AT CAMBRIDGE AND AT TEWKSBURY.

As the general estimate of General BUTLER as a public man has been formed upon observation of his conduct for many years, it is not likely to be reversed by his adroit speech at the Harvard alumni dinner. The General is quite shrewd enough to know that, if the author of the familiar remark, "Harvard professors? Oh yes; we hanged one of them the other day," is going to dine with Harvard alumni, his best cue is flattery. He is an advocate of experience, and he addressed himself upon this occasion as upon other occasions to carry the jury. Mr. CHOATE, in his capital and skillful speech, led the way for the Governor, and, as it were, gave him the key. He bespoke the courtesy of the graduates for the Chief Magistrate, and showed the Governor the character of the instrument upon which he was to play. The Governor is quick, and he said only what Harvard men were sure to applaud. The whole performance upon his part was excellent. But it will hardly reconcile loyal Massa-

chusetts men to the shame which he has tried to cast upon the State in his Tewksbury investigation.

This raid upon Tewksbury has been the great effort of the BUTLER administration. Could it have ended with the statements of the accusers, the Governor might have succeeded in staining the honor of Massachusetts. But the remorseless revelation of the rebutting evidence, and the report upon the condition of the almshouse by Mrs. LEONARD, of the State Board of Health, Lunacy, and Charity, have effectually baffled the Governor. Misconduct at Tewksbury, as in other public institutions in Massachusetts and elsewhere, has been exposed from time to time, and it has been corrected. Mrs. LEONARD, who has been in the habit of visiting the almshouse without official associates and without previous notice, gives a carefully detailed account of the institution as she has found it. The building was clean and free from vermin, the bathing arrangements were sufficient, the old men's and old women's wards comfortable and cheerful, and the inmates generally contented. The sick were as well cared for as the number of nurses would permit, and the nurses were too few because of the stinted appropriations. The food was of fair quality. There are now no children at Tewksbury without mothers. Miss WILKIN, the physician of the women's ward, is skillful, kind, and devoted, and does all that is possible; and the patients, who knew by experience that Mrs. LEONARD would not betray them, spoke to her with entire freedom.

The report of Mrs. LEONARD shows that while, as in all such institutions, there are undoubtedly instances of carelessness and inhumanity, they are not characteristic, and that the general management of the almshouse has been quite as good as the building and the appropriations would allow. The Governor declares that the expenses must be reduced. Mrs. LEONARD, with an intimate knowledge of the whole subject, says that she does not know where they could be reduced, but that she sees very plainly where they ought to be increased. The Governor evidently attacked Tewksbury not to secure reform of abuses, but to make political capital, and notwithstanding the adroit speech at Harvard, the discredit to Massachusetts will apparently prove to be not Tewksbury, but the Governor.

OF RASCALS.

"WHAT do you think of the Democratic campaign cry, 'Turn the rascals out'?" was the question addressed by one Republican to another as they met at lunch.

"That is about the size of it," answered his friend, with a smile, as he handed him the following paragraph from the Boston *Herald*:

"To the cry, 'Turn the rascals out,' the reply will surely be made, 'Keep the rascals out.' How would the Democratic leaders enjoy a campaign on this line? The Democratic party is the party of SWARTWOUT and TWEED. 'Keep the rascals out.' The last Democratic cabinet and the last Democratic Collector at New York stole more than all their successors for nearly twenty years. 'Keep the rascals out.' The Democratic State of Tennessee has had three defaulting treasurers in succession. 'Keep the rascals out.' A full proportion of the votes cast in Congress for the river and harbor jobs have been Democratic. 'Keep the rascals out.' Eight of the jury that acquitted the Star Route thieves were Democrats. 'Keep the rascals out.' The Democratic Mayor of Albany has just resigned to prevent a trial that would have exposed the gross frauds by which Democrats seated him. 'Keep the rascals out.' The Union League Club of Chicago has just discovered incontestable proof that the worst kind of ballot-box stuffing was resorted to to re-elect the Democratic Mayor HARRISON, who has nullified a law of the Legislature to pay his debt to the rummies and criminals who supported him. 'Keep the rascals out.' Elections in more than half the Southern States have been turned into farces, and the rights of majorities openly trampled under-foot to insure Democratic ascendency. 'Oh, keep the rascals out!'"

"What's that?" said another Republican who joined them. "Turn the rascals out? Why, cert'nly. They were turned out twenty-two years ago, when they had knocked the bottom out of the Treasury, sent the navy to the ends of the earth, and, could the last Democratic Secretary of War have had his way, would have sent the army to join it. The rascals were very effectually turned out, and they'll have to struggle hard to get in again."

FROM OHIO.

AN Ohio Republican of the straitest sect sends us the best interior view of the political situation in that State that we have seen:

"What you say about HOADLY's nomination, as 'the defeat of the reactionary faction, and in itself a kind of new departure,' may have some truth, but the nomination has not that significance in Ohio. There was no Bourbon candidate, unless GEDDES was one, and he had no following. The contest was between a Union mutilated soldier and an abolition Republican. The THURMAN Bourbons supported WARD; the PAYNE Bourbons, HOADLY, each moved by personal considerations.

"The Convention nominated HOADLY to catch the German vote. HOADLY has long had friendly relations with the Germans, and was their special champion in excluding the Bible from the schools, in making Sunday free to them, and in fighting the liquor laws. THURMAN understood the situation, and warned the Convention not to 'subordinate Democratic doctrines and aspirations to a single issue'—meaning the liquor issue—which the nomination of HOADLY would do. HOADLY is the whiskey candidate, and he is nominated to retain the German vote. He is a 'smart,' but not a wise man. He is alert, ever on the *qui vive*, quick to detect the weak point of his adversary, and to expose it with *éclat*. His views on any subject are never commonplace, sometimes striking, usually extravagant, picturesque, sensational, and unsound. In two conspicuous instances he has manifested these qualities. In the Oregon case, of which you are informed. Then WEBSTER had been of the opinion that the fugitive slave clause of the Constitution was to be enforced by the States. HOADLY adopted this opinion, and as judge applied it to the fugitives from justice clause, releasing on *habeas corpus* a criminal on the ground that the United States laws on that subject were unconstitutional.

"While he is a gentleman, an upright, honorable man, most genial in his personal intercourse with all men, yet in public speech he is extravagant, ferocious, often grotesque. He has had a chronic antipathy to the old Whigs, was always apprehensive they would obtain undue control of the Republican party, and for this reason was ever ready to 'jump' that party. In the liberal movement of 1872 he joined, and urged the nomination, I think, of TRUMBULL. When GREELEY was nominated he denounced him in the most frantic manner as an 'infernal rascal.' He meant only that GREELEY was a Whig. When the election of 1876 was finally decided he denounced HAYES as 'that fraud,' 'that thief.'

"I do not see how his nomination is 'a new departure.' It is true he proclaims 'a new Democracy'; but this is mere fiction, an old trick of his in the sensational game. It is also true that he is vice-president of a civil service reform association; but since he fixed his eye on the office of Governor he has made no allusion to the subject, but has constantly pointed with pride to his youthful enthusiasm for VAN BUREN. Now the significant act in VAN BUREN's career is his introduction of the New York spoils system into the general government. In his last days Justice MACLEAN was wont to tell young men that when the news reached Washington that VAN BUREN had been elected to the Senate, President MONROE told him that the election of VAN BUREN was to be profoundly regretted, for he would introduce the New York spoils system into, and thus demoralize, the general government.

"No doubt that Judge HOADLY thinks sometimes of the Presidency. But should he ever reach that goal, one thing is certain. He would not give us the quiet, conservative, business-like administration of ARTHUR. He would be sensational."

A NEW VIEW OF THE FOURTH OF JULY.

AT the Woodstock celebration on the Fourth of July Bishop COXE spoke well of the value of traditions to a nation and the necessary decay of traditions among a people which is constantly recruited from aliens. His practical suggestion was that we should admit aliens to citizenship only when they are really fitted to become Americans.

The utter ignorance among large numbers of those who are called Americans of the significance of our traditions was curiously illustrated by a conversation which we know to have occurred. An Irish cook remarked to her mistress upon the Fourth of July that it was especially the day of "her people." "Your people?" said the mistress; "pray what have they to do with it?" "Why, and sure, ma'am, it is the day on which the Irish first came to this country."

The cook did not say that she derived her information from Mr. JOHN KELLY's lecture upon the Irish settlers in America. But her remark perhaps explains the proposition of the Hon. W. E. ROBINSON, that Ireland must be restored to the United States—or the United States to Ireland, we forget which it was.

THE RESTORATION OF A FLAG.

THE pleasantest and most significant incident of the day in New York on the Fourth of July was the restoration by the Virginia Cadets of the flag captured from the One-hundred-and-sixty-fourth New York Regiment near Alexandria in 1863. The Virginia Cadets are pupils of a State institute which receives students from every State, and the company had just been to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where President ARTHUR, with a few fitting words, had presented the diplomas of the graduating class.

Under an escort from the New York Sixty-ninth, the cadets then marched, with admirable precision and through a heat which tested their endurance, to the City Hall, where they were received by Mayor EDSON and a body of distinguished citizens. Colonel PORTLOCK, for the cadets, warmly praised the One-hundred-and-sixty-fourth, and spoke in a very patriotic strain. He was followed by Colonel BALL, who described the incidents of the capture, and rejoiced in the fraternal feeling in which the memory of the war is buried, now that slavery, a blot upon free institutions, has disappeared forever. Mayor EDSON and other gentlemen responded in the same generous tone.

The event was another illustration of that union of hearts and of hands which is rapidly replacing the old union of irrepressible divergencies which were bred by slavery. The scene was symbolical of the sincere and friendly regard which between honorable foes follows every honest contention, however bravely and tenaciously maintained on both sides. The young Virginians have doubtless returned feeling that the flag of New York is no less the flag of Virginia, and that happily over both flags hang in common benediction the old Stars and Stripes.

PERSONAL.

THE health of Mr. WILLIAM PAGE continues to cause his friends the gravest anxiety. Ever since he was forced to leave his studio in this city and to discontinue painting they have hoped for a favorable turn to his disease, but they have waited more than five years in vain. Occasionally the artist in his home at Tottenville, Staten Island, rouses himself to express his old enthusiasm for SHAKSPEARE or LOWELL, but the respite is short, and in a few minutes he reverts to a condition of chronic indifference toward the great interests that once engaged his genius and his busy hands. Saddest of all, the paintings that mark the farthest reach of his artistic endeavor are yearly becoming black and indistinct, owing, it is believed, to the strong drying oil which used to be his favorite vehicle, and which he was accustomed to say had been pronounced by so high an authority as the late Professor FARADAY to be the best of all oils for the painter's purpose. In some cases, moreover, the presence of gamboge, which Mr. PAGE employed freely to produce several of his most sparkling and vitalized yellows, after it had been dissolved in alcohol, has caused the pigments of his pictures, notably of his famous "Venus," to melt and run down the canvas. But there are in Albany some very beautiful portraits of thirty years ago, in which Mr. PAGE used neither gamboge nor strong drying oil, and which to-day are as fresh and bright as if still on the easel.

—Some mention has been made in the newspapers of the heroism of the Rev. WILLIAM H. REID, an Episcopal clergyman of Brooklyn, at the recent disaster on the East River Bridge. The facts of the case we have ascertained to be as follows: Mr. REID, while caught in the crush just east of the fatal steps down which so many victims were pushed to be trampled upon, heard a father screaming, "Save my daughter." The girl was eight or nine years of age, and the brave preacher, dropping his valise and umbrella, seized her firmly with one hand, while with the other he fought his way above the prostrate forms below him, until the two were borne in safety beyond the steps. He had seen that the only hope for either of them was in maintaining an upright position in the midst of that turbulent and swaying crowd, and he bent all his strength of muscle and of resolution to the accomplishment of the task, knowing that if he fell both he and the child were in immediate danger of being crushed to death. Mr. REID never learned the name of the lass he saved, but she doubtless has heard his name a score of times, and perhaps will tell him so one of these days. His friends, who have long admired his abundant personal courage, were not surprised at this striking manifestation of it.

—Mr. SOL EYTINGE, Jun., the artist, whose Blackville sketches are among his most popular contributions to this journal, resides in Pamrapo, a New Jersey village about twenty minutes' ride by rail from the metropolis. Though one of the oldest of American humorists, he appears to be about forty years of age, and has the head and shoulders of a typical commanding general, and the tapering fingers that one reads about much oftener than one sees. His home is a charming cottage adorned with profuse roses and climbing vines, affording from the piazza a superb view of New York, the upper bay, the Narrows, and the green hills of Staten Island. Mr. EYTINGE's accomplished wife, MARGARET EYTINGE, is one of the lights of American literature.

—Mr. S. J. GUY is painting a genre picture in his best style, representing an elder sister holding out a strawberry to a baby, who lies smiling on his back, and is old enough to be attracted by its color, but not old enough to seize or to eat it. It is a pretty story, and in the elaboration Mr. GUY will prepare his usual feast of delicate gradation of light and shade and color. Considering the amount of work he puts upon a picture, Mr. GUY is one of the fastest painters in America; but he is not easily satisfied, and his pet aversion is slap-dash. A truly serene spot on the uproarious Fourth was the Tenth Street Studio Building, where GUY, W. H. BEARD, and CASILEAR celebrated the Declaration of Independence in separate rooms.

—One of the Roman Catholic societies or brotherhoods is called the Third Order of St. Francis. The Pope has recently given it a new set of by-laws, because—strange to tell—the old set was "not in all points suited to the present age and present customs." The members must be more than fourteen, of good morals, of peaceable disposition, and exact in the practice of the Catholic religion; and they are required to refrain from excessive cost and elegance in their dress and toilet, from dangerous stage-plays and dances, and from all revelry; to be frugal in eating and drinking, to confess their sins every month, to settle quarrels whenever they can do so, and to assist daily at mass when it is convenient.

—There is a little tavern in Paris where men of letters and of art meet to scintillate their wit. The scintillations are reported in a small periodical, which bears the name and emblem of the tavern, and can be bought in the neighborhood for a few sous. The tavern-keeper, an æsthete of considerable proportions, has adorned the place with curiosities of *virtu*, and caused it to look more like a studio than a cabaret. His example is said to be exerting an influence over Paris tavern-keepers generally.

—The sportsman-naturalist, or the man who shoots birds and learns what he can about them while taking aim, is described by a late writer as generally lacking in that psychological sympathy with the creature he studies without which there can not be any of the very deepest insight; "but, on the other hand, he has many compensating advantages; he is not afraid of hurting the birds or beasts, and he is still less chary of disturbing them in their native haunts. That habitual repression of sympathies and feelings which goes with the action of stealing up to and aiming at a bird, in itself insures a steadiness of eye and an accuracy of observation under emotional surroundings which the non-aggressive naturalist generally lacks."

—The Bishop of Pará and Amazonas, South America, proposes to use the Amazon River as "a means of spiritual life and fecundity" to the rude native tribes who wander along its banks. He desires to construct a large and handsomely decorated ship, which shall serve the purpose of a church or floating cathedral, with pulpit and confessional, organ and baptismal font, and all the ornaments of furniture necessary for "the solemn and splendid exercise of Catholic rites." The name of this missionary vessel will be *Christopher*, or *Christ-bearer*; and as she sails, "the dulcet sounds of the swelling organ, accompanying the soft sonorous chant of the priests, will spread over the tranquil surface of the river, and give notice of the approach of Christ, *ambulans super aquas*."

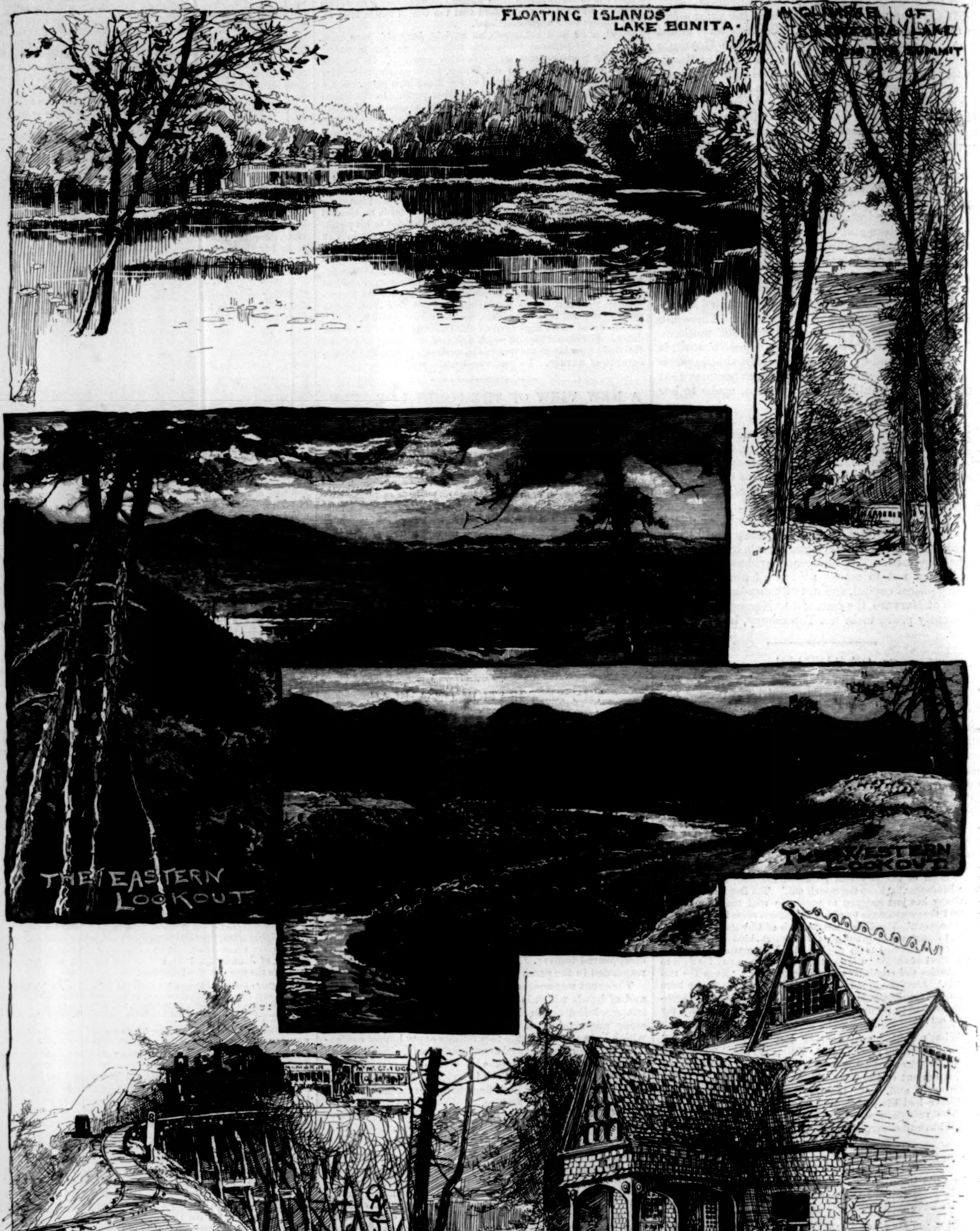
—An old New-Yorker recently showed to a friend a copy of a Philadelphia newspaper sixty-two years old, which time had toned to a mellow cream-color. It was *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser*, of January 26, 1821, and one of the first advertisements to strike the eye was the following:

"*Six Cents Reward.*—Absconded from the subscriber, on Wednesday, the 24th inst., ANNA MARIA ROBINSON, an indented servant Girl, between 13 and 14 years of age, dark complexion, and black eyes;—had on when she left her master, a green Coat and black Beaver Hat. She was born at Snowhill, State of Maryland.

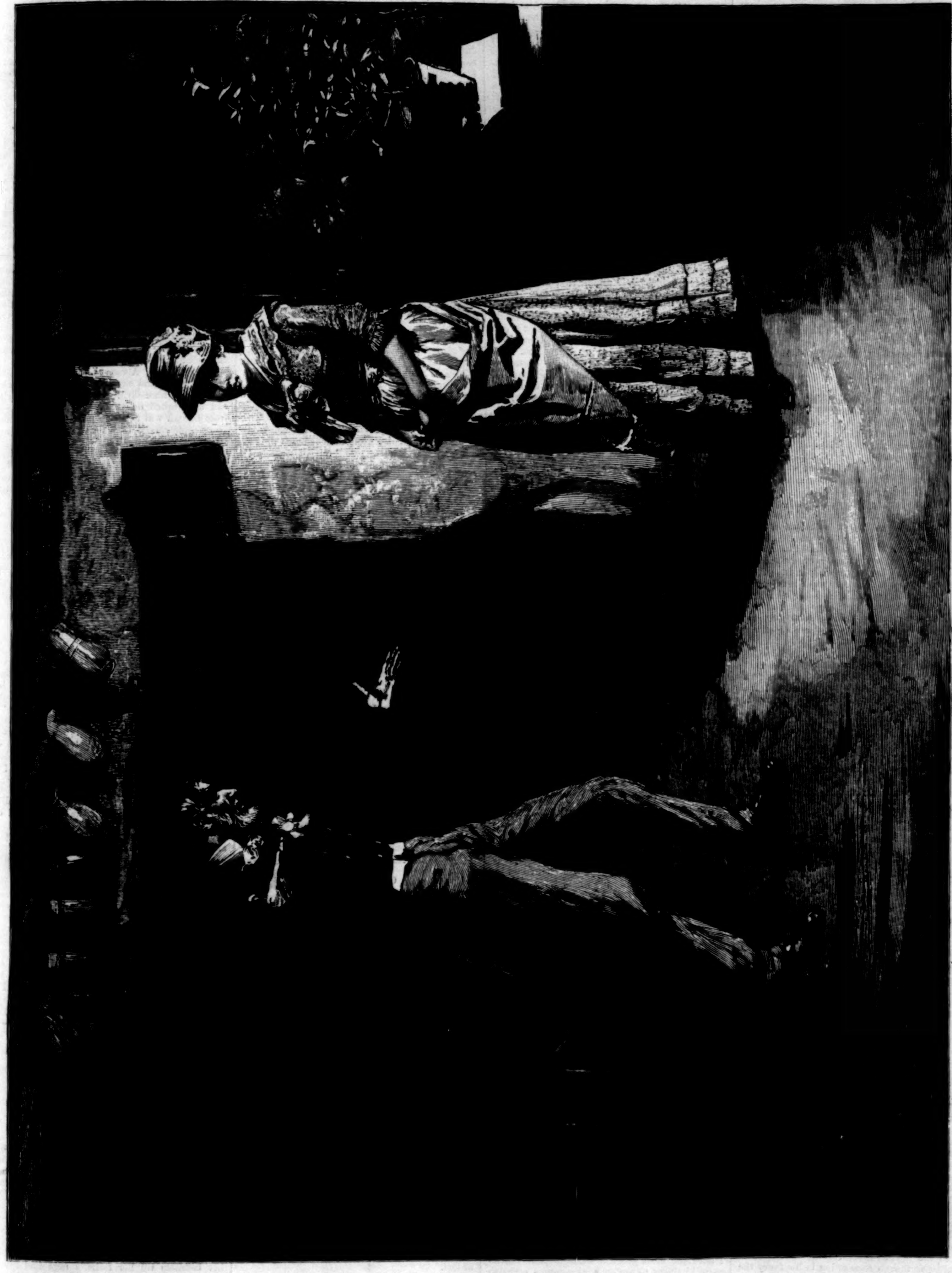
"Whoever will secure and return her to me will receive the above reward, but no charges. JAMES W. MURDOCK."

Civilization in America has made some advance since the year 1821.—Another advertisement in the same journal presents another curious phase of social life. A man named DE MOMBRAY, who had rendered himself obnoxious for political reasons, refers his annoyers to some genealogical statistics. "The persons," he says, "who have payed a Piper and a Trumpeter to insult me, in playing upon their instruments before my windows, until 1 o'clock, after midnight, during the first month I lived in Philadelphia, at South Ninth Street, No. 62 (the neighbours may attest the fact), could take information about me in the aforesaid cities, and in that of Avranches (Bass Normandie), where I was born, and where my father died, he being fifteen years the President of the Tribunal; my sister dwells in that town, and is married to Mr. MORIN, a retreated Captain and Knight of the Legion of Honour, and my brother is a Judge at the Tribunal of Vervins."

—Mr. RUSKIN is never more pleasantly eccentric than when talking *ex cathedrâ* about girls. Ever since the days of his *Sesame and Lilies*, when he drew the outlines of his model damsel on an analysis of one of WORDSWORTH's poems, he has not failed to make a stir when bewailing or advising the better half of the race. His latest utterance is that "extremely good girls usually die young," probably because the gods, not less than Mr. RUSKIN, love them; but to say so seems rather hard upon girls now living who are not young. As for courtship, "when a youth is fully in love with a girl, and feels that he is wise in loving her, he should at once tell her so plainly, and take his chance with other suitors. No lover should have the insolence to think of being accepted at once, nor should any girl have the cruelty to refuse at once, without severe reasons. If she simply doesn't like him she may send him away for seven years or so. The whole meaning and power of true courtship is probation, and it ought not to be shorter than three years at least, and a girl worth anything ought always to have half a dozen or so suitors under love to her." Mr. RUSKIN's reasoning seems to be founded upon the assumption that a good girl—even an extremely good girl—is not as likely to fall in love with a young man as a young man is to fall in love with her, and to be just as desperate about it too; but we are assured by the mother of a good girl, who has made an extended study of the case, that such an assumption would be groundless.



SUMMER RESORTS—MOUNT McGREGOR.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 439.]



"WHAT! YE HAVE DARED TO COME BACK ALIVE, HUSSY!"

The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid.

BY THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "A LAODICEAN," "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," "THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE," ETC.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a milking, sir," she said.

CHAPTER VII.—(*Continued.*)

ABOUT four days after the young man's interview with the Baron there drew up in front of Jim's house at noon a wagon laden with cases and packages, large and small. They were all addressed to "Mr. Hayward," and they had come from the largest furnishing warehouses in that part of England.

Three-quarters of an hour were occupied in getting the cases to Jim's rooms. The wary Jim did not show the amazement he felt at his patron's munificence; and presently the senior partner came into the passage, and wondered what was lumbering upstairs.

"Oh, it's only some things of mine," said Jim.

"Bearing upon the coming event, eh?" said his partner.

"Exactly," replied Jim.

Mr. Vine, with some astonishment at the number of cases, shortly after went away to the kiln; whereupon Jim shut himself into his rooms, and there he might have been heard ripping up and opening boxes with a cautious hand, afterward appearing outside the door with them empty, and carrying them off to the out-house.

A triumphant look lit up his face when, a little later in the afternoon, he ran across the meads to the dairy, and invited Margery and her father to his house to supper.

She was not unsociable that day, and her father expressing a hard and fast acceptance of the invitation, she perforce agreed to go with him. Again at home, Jim made himself as mysteriously busy as before in those rooms of his, and when his partner returned he too was asked to join in the supper.

At dusk Hayward went to the door, where he stood till he heard the voices of his guests from the direction of the low grounds, now covered with their frequent fleece of fog. The voices grew more distinct, and then on the white surface of the fog there appeared two trunkless heads, from which bodies gradually extended as the approaching pair rose toward the house.

When they had entered, Jim pressed Margery's hand and conducted her up to his rooms, her father waiting below to say a few

words to the senior lime-burner. "Bless me!" said Jim to her, on entering the sitting-room; "I quite forgot to get a light beforehand, but I'll have one in a jiffy."

Margery stood in the middle of the dark room, while Jim struck a match; and then the young girl's eyes were conscious of a burst of light, and the rise into being of a pair of handsome silver candlesticks containing two candles that Jim was in the act of lighting.

"Why—where—you have candlesticks like that?" said Margery. Her eyes flew round the room as the growing candle flames showed other articles. "Pictures too, and lovely china! Why, I knew nothing of this, I declare!"

"Yes, a few things that came to me by accident," said Jim, quietly.

"And a great gold clock under a glass, and a Cupid swinging for a pendulum; and oh, what a lovely work-table!—woods of every color—and a work-box to match. May I look inside that work-box, Jim? Whose is it?"

"Oh yes; look at it, of course. It is a poor enough thing, but 'tis mine; and it will belong to the woman I marry, whoever she may be, as well as all the other things here."

"And the curtains and the looking-glasses—why, I declare I can see myself in a hundred places!"

"That tea set," said Jim, placidly pointing to a gorgeous china service and a large silver teapot on the side table, "I don't use at present, being a bachelor man; 'but,' says I to myself, 'whoever I marry will want some such things for giving her parties; or I can sell 'em—but I haven't took steps for't yet."

"Sell 'em! no, I should think not," said Margery, with earnest reproach. "Why, I hope you wouldn't be so foolish! Why, this is exactly the kind of thing I was thinking of when I told you of the things women could want—of course not meaning myself particularly. I had no idea that you had such valuable—" Margery was unable to speak coherently, so much was she amazed at the wealth of Jim's possessions.

At this moment her father and the lime-burner came upstairs; and, to appear womanly and proper to Mr. Vine, Margery repressed the remainder of her surprise. As for the two elderly worthies, it was not till they entered the room and sat down that their slower eyes discerned anything brilliant in the appointments. Then one of them stole a glance at some article, and the other at another; but each being unwilling to express his wonder in the presence of his neighbors, they received the objects before them with quite an accustomed air—the lime-burner inwardly trying to conjecture what all this meant, and the dairyman musing that if Jim's business allowed him to accumulate at this rate, the sooner Margery became his wife the better. Margery retreated to the work-table, work-box, and tea service, which she examined with hushed exclamations.

An entertainment thus surprisingly begun could not fail to progress well. Whenever Margery's crusty old father felt the need of a civil sentence, the flash of Jim's fancy articles inspired him to one; while the lime-burner, having reasoned away his first ominous thought that all this had come out of the firm, also felt proud and blithe.

Jim accompanied his dairy friends part of the way home. Her father, finding that Jim wanted to speak to her privately, and that she exhibited some elusiveness, turned to Margery and said, "Come, come, my lady; no more of this nonsense. You just step behind with that young man."

Margery, a little scared at her father's peremptoriness, obeyed. It was plain that Jim had won the old man by that night's stroke, if he had not won her.

"I know what you are going to say, Jim," she began, less ardently now, for she was no longer under the novel influence of the shining silver and glass. "Well, as you desire it, and as my father desires it, and as I suppose it will be the best course for me, I will fix the day—not this evening, but as soon as I can think it over."

CHAPTER VIII.

Notwithstanding a press of business, Jim went and did his duty in thanking the Baron. The latter saw him in his fishing-tackle room, an apartment littered with every appliance that a votary of the rod could require.

"And when is the wedding day to be, Hayward?" the Baron asked, after Jim had told him that matters were settled.

"It is not quite certain yet, my noble lord," said Jim, cheerfully. "But I hope 'twill not be long after the time when God A'mighty christens the little apples."

"And when is that?"

"St. Swithin's—the middle of July. 'Tis to be some time in that month, she tells me."

When Jim was gone, the Baron seemed meditative. He went out, ascended the mount, and entered the weather-screen, where he looked at the seats, as though re-enacting in his fancy the scene of that memorable morning of fog. He turned his eyes to the angle of the shelter, round which Margery had suddenly appeared like a vision, and it was plain that he would not have minded her appearing there then. The juncture had indeed been such an impressive and critical one that she must have seemed rather a heavenly messenger than a passing milkmaid, more especially to a man like the Baron, who, despite the mystery of his origin and life, revealed himself to be a melancholy, emotional character—the Jacques of this forest and stream.

Behind the mount the ground rose yet higher, ascending to a plantation which sheltered the house. The Baron strolled up there, and bent his gaze over the distance. The valley of the Swenn lay before him, with its shining river, the brooks that fed it, and the brimming carriers that fed the brooks. The situation of Margery's house was visible, though not the house itself, and the Baron gazed that way for an infinitely long time, till, remembering himself, he moved on.

Instead of returning to the house he went along the ridge till he arrived at the verge of Chillington Wood, and in the same desultory manner roamed under the trees, not pausing till he had come to Three-Walks End, and the hollow elm hard by. He peeped in at the rift. In the soft dry layer of wood dust that floored the hollow Margery's tracks were still visible, as she had made them there when dressing for the ball.

"Little Margery!" murmured the Baron.

In a moment he thought better of this mood, and turned to go home. But behold, a form stood behind him—that of the girl whose name had been on his lips.

She was in utter confusion. "I—I—did not know you were here, sir!" she began. "I was out for a little walk." She could get no farther; her eyes filled with tears. That spice of willfulness, even hardness, which characterized her in Jim's company magically disappeared in the presence of the Baron.

"Never mind, never mind," said he, masking under a severe manner whatever he felt. "The meeting is awkward, and ought not to have occurred, especially if, as I suppose, you are shortly to be married to James Hayward. But it can not be helped now. You had no idea I was here, of course. Neither had I of seeing you. Remember, you can not be too careful," continued the Baron, in the same grave tone; "and I strongly request you as a friend to do your utmost to avoid meetings like this. When you saw me before I turned, why did you not go away?"

"I did not see you, sir. I did not think of seeing you. I was walking this way, and I only looked in to see the tree."

"That shows you have been thinking of things you should not think of," returned the Baron. "Good-morning."

Margery could answer nothing. A browbeaten glance, almost of misery, was all she gave him. He took a slow step away from her, then turned suddenly back, and stooping, impulsively kissed her cheek, taking her as much by surprise as ever a woman was taken in her life.

Immediately after, he went off with a flushed face and rapid strides, which he did not check till he was within his own boundaries.

The hay-making season now set in vigorously, and the weir-hatches were all down in the meads to drain off the water. The carriers ran themselves dry, and there was no longer any difficulty in walking about among them. The Baron could very well witness from the elevations about his house the activity which followed these preliminaries. The white shirt sleeves of the mowers glistened in the sun, the scythes flashed, voices echoed, snatches of song floated about, and there were glimpses of red wagon-wheels, purple gowns, and many-colored handkerchiefs.

The Baron had been told that the hay-making was to be followed by the wedding, and had he gone down to the dairy he would have had plenty of evidence to that effect. Dairyman Tucker's house was in a whirlpool of bustle, and among other difficulties was that of turning the cheese-room into a genteel apartment for the time being, and hiding the awkwardness of having to pass through the milk-house to get to the parlor door. These household contrivances appeared to interest Margery much more than the great question of dressing for the ceremony and the ceremony itself. In all relating to that she showed an indescribable backwardness, which later on was well remembered.

"If it were only somebody else, and I was one of the bridemaids, I really think I should like it better," she murmured one afternoon.

"Away with thee—that's only your shyness!" said one of the milkmaids.

It is said that about this time the Baron seemed to feel the effects of solitude strongly. Solitude revives the simple instincts of primitive man, and lonely country nooks afford rich soil for wayward emotions. Moreover, idleness waters those unconsidered impulses which a short season of turmoil would stamp out. It is difficult to speak with any exactness of the bearing of such conditions on the mind of the Baron—a man of whom so little was ever truly known—but there is no doubt that his mind ran much on Margery as an individual, without reference to her rank or quality, or to the question whether she would marry Jim Hayward that summer. She was the single lovely human thing within his present horizon—for he lived in absolute seclusion—and her image unduly affected him.

But leaving conjecture, let us state what happened. One Saturday evening, two or three weeks after his accidental meeting with her in the wood, he wrote the note following:

"Dear Margery,—You must not suppose that because I spoke somewhat severely to you at our chance encounter by the hollow tree, I have any feeling against you. Far from it. Now as ever I have the most grateful sense of your considerate kindness to me on a momentous occasion which shall be nameless.

"You solemnly promised to come and see me whenever I should send for you. Can you call for five minutes as soon as possible, and disperse those plaguy glooms from which I am so unfortunate as to suffer? If you refuse, I will not answer for the consequences. I shall be in the summer shelter on the mount to-morrow morning at half past ten. If you come, I shall be grateful. I have also something for you.

"Yours, X."

In keeping with the tenor of this epistle the desponding, self-oppressed Baron ascended the mount on Sunday morning and sat down. There was nothing here to exactly signify the hour, but before the church bells had begun he heard somebody approaching at the back. The light footstep moved timidly, first to one recess, and then to another; then to the third, where he sat in the shade. Poor Margery stood before him.

She looked worn and weary, and her little shoes and the skirts of her dress were covered with dust. The weather was sultry, the sun being already high and powerful, and rain had not fallen for weeks. The Baron, who walked little, had thought nothing of the effects of this heat and drought in inducing fatigue. A distance which had been but a reasonable exercise on a foggy morning was a drag for Margery now. She was out of breath; and anxiety, even unhappiness, was written on her everywhere.

He rose to his feet and took her hand. He was vexed with himself at sight of her. "My dear little girl!" he said. "You are tired—you should not have come."

"You sent for me, sir, and I was afraid you were ill; and my promise to you was sacred."

He bent over her, looking upon her downcast face, still holding her hand; then he dropped it, and took a pace or two backward.

"It was a whim, nothing more," he said, sadly. "I wanted to see my little friend, to express good wishes, and to present her with this." He held forward a small morocco case, and showed her how to open it, disclosing a pretty locket, set with pearls. "It is intended as a wedding present," he continued. "To be returned to me again if you do not marry Jim this summer—it is to be this summer, I think?"

"It was, sir," she said, with agitation. "But it is so no longer. And therefore I can not take this."

"What do you say?"

"It was to have been to-day; but now it can not be."

"The wedding to-day—Sunday?" he cried.

"We fixed Sunday not to hinder much time at this busy season of the year," replied she.

"And have you, then, put it off—surely not?"

"You sent for me, and I have come," she answered, humbly, like an obedient familiar in the employ of some great enchanter. Indeed, the Baron's power over this innocent girl was curiously like enchantment, or mesmeric influence. It was so masterful that the sexual element was almost eliminated. It was that of Prospero over the gentle Ariel. And yet it was probably only that of the cosmopolite over the recluse, of the experienced man over the simple maid.

"You have come—on your wedding day! Oh, Margery, this is a mistake. Of course you should not have obeyed me, since, though I thought your wedding would be soon, I did not know it was to-day."

"I promised you, sir; and I would rather keep my promise to you than be married to Jim."

"Margery, that must not be—the feeling is wrong!" he murmured, looking at the distant hills. "There seems to be a fate in all this; I get out of the frying-pan into the fire. What a recompense to you for your goodness! The fact is, I was out of health and out of spirits, so I—But no more of that. How instantly to repair this tremendous blunder that we have made—that's the question."

After a pause, he went on, hurriedly: "Walk down the hill; get into the road. By that time I shall be there with a phaeton. We may get back in time. What time is it now? If not, no doubt the wedding can be to-morrow; so all will come right again. Don't cry, my dear girl. Keep the locket, of course—you'll marry Jim."

CHAPTER IX.

He hastened down toward the stables, and she went on as directed. It seemed as if he must have put in the horse himself, so quickly did he re-appear with the phaeton on the open road. Margery silently took her seat, and the Baron seemed cut to the quick with self-reproach as he noticed the listless indifference with which she acted. There was no doubt that in her heart she had preferred obeying the apparently important mandate that morning to becoming Jim's wife; but there was no less doubt that had the Baron left her alone she would quietly have gone to the altar.

He drove along furiously, in a cloud of dust. There was much to contemplate in that peaceful Sunday morning—the windless trees and fields, the shaking sunlight, the pause in human stir. Yet neither of them heeded, and thus they drew near to the dairy. His first expressed intention had been to go in-doors with her, but this he abandoned as impolitic in the highest degree.

"You may be soon enough," he said, springing down, and helping her to follow. "Tell the truth: say you were sent for to receive a wedding present—that it was a mistake on my part—a mistake on yours; and I think they'll forgive. . . . And, Margery, my last request to you is this: that if I send for you again, you do not come. Promise solemnly, my dear girl, that any such request shall be unheeded."

Her lips moved, but the promise was not articulated. "Oh, sir, I can not promise it!" she said at last.

"But you must; your salvation may depend on it!" he insisted, almost fiercely. "You don't know what I am."

"Then, sir, I promise," she replied. "Now leave me to myself, please, and I'll go in-doors and manage matters."

He turned the horse and drove away, but only for a little distance. Out of sight he pulled rein suddenly. "Only to go back and propose it to her, and she'd come," he murmured.

He stood up in the phaeton, and by this means he could see over the hedge. Margery still sat listlessly in the same place; there was not a lovelier flower in the field. "No," he said; "no, no—never!" He re-seated himself, and the wheels sped lightly back over the soft dust to Mount Lodge.

Meanwhile Margery had not moved. If the Baron could dissimulate on the side of severity, she could dissimulate on the side of calm. He did not know what had been veiled by the quiet promise to manage matters in-doors. Rising at length, she first turned away from the house; and by-and-by, having apparently forgotten till then that she carried it in her hand, she opened the case and looked at the locket. This seemed to give her courage. She turned, set her face toward the dairy in good earnest, and though her heart faltered when the gates came in sight, she kept on and drew near the door.

On the threshold she stood listening. The house was silent. Decorations were visible in the passage, and also the carefully swept and sanded path to the gate, which she was to have trodden as a bride; but the sparrows hopped over it as if it were abandoned: and all appeared to have been checked at its climacteric, like a clock stopped on the strike. Till this moment of confronting the suspended animation of the scene she had not realized the full shock of the convulsion which her disappearance must have caused. It is quite certain—apart from her own repeated assurances to that effect in later years—that in hastening off that morning to her sudden engagement, Margery had not counted the cost of such an enterprise, while a dim notion that she might get back again in time for the ceremony, if the message meant nothing serious, should also be mentioned in her favor. But upon the whole she had obeyed the call with an unreasoning obedience, worthy of a disciple in primitive times. A conviction that the Baron's life might depend upon her presence—for she had by this time divined the tragical event she had interrupted on the foggy morning—took from her all will to judge and consider calmly. The simple affairs of her and hers seemed nothing beside the possibility of harm to him.

A well-known step moved on the sanded floor within, and she went forward. That she saw her father's face before her, just within the door, can hardly be said: it was rather Reproach and Rage in a human mask.

"What! ye have dared to come back alive, hussy, to look upon the dupery you have practiced on honest people! You've mortified us all. I don't want to see ye; I don't want to hear ye; I don't want to know anything!" He walked up and down the room, unable to command himself. "Nothing but being dead could have excused ye for not meeting and marrying that man this morning; and yet you have the brazen impudence to stand there as well as ever! What be you here for?"

"I've come back to marry Jim, if he wants me to," she said, faintly. "And if not, perhaps so much the better. I was sent for this morning early. I thought—" She halted. To say that she had thought a man's death might happen by his own hand if she did not go to him, would never do. "I was obliged to go," she said. "I had given my word."

"Why didn't you tell us then, so that the wedding could be put off, without making fools o' us?"

"Because I was afraid you wouldn't let me go, and I had made up my mind to go."

"To go where?"

She was silent, till she said, "I will tell Jim all, and why it was; and if he's any friend of mine he'll excuse me."

"Not Jim—he's no such fool. Jim had put all ready for you; Jim had called at your house, a dressed up in his new wedding clothes, and a smiling like the sun; Jim had told the parson, had got the ringers in tow, and the clerk a waiting, and then—you was *gone!* Then Jim turned as pale as rendlewood, and busted out, 'If she don't marry me to-day,' 'a said, 'she don't marry me at all!' No; let her look elsewhere for a husband. For two years I've put up with her hontish tricks and her takings,' 'a said. 'I've droudged and I've traipsed, I've bought and I've sold, all wi' an eye to her; I've suffered horseflesh,' he says—yes, them was his noble words—'but I'll suffer it no longer. She shall go!' 'Jim,' says I, 'you be a man. If she's alive, I commend ye; if she's dead, I pity my old age.' 'She isn't dead,' says he; 'for I've just heard she was seen walking off across the fields this morning, looking all of a scornful triumph.' He turned round and went, and the rest o' the neighbors went; and here be I left to the reproach o't."

"He was too hasty," murmured Margery. "For now he's said this, I can't marry him to-morrow, as I might ha' done; and perhaps so much the better."

"You can be so calm about it, can ye? Be my arrangements nothing, then, that you should break 'em up, and say off-hand what wasn't done to-day might ha' been done to-morrow, and such flick-flack? Out o' my sight! I won't hear any more. I won't speak to ye any more."

"I'll go away, and then you'll be sorry."

"Very well, go. Sorry!—not I."

He turned and stamped his way into the cheese-room. Margery went upstairs. She too was excited now, and instead of fortifying herself in her bedroom till her father's rage had blown over, as she had often done on lesser occasions, she packed up a bundle of articles, crept down again, and went out of the house. She had a place of refuge in these cases of necessity, and her father knew it, and was less alarmed at seeing her depart than he might otherwise have been. This place was Rook's Gate, the house of her grandmother, who always took Margery's part when that young woman was particularly in the wrong.

The devious way she pursued to avoid the vicinity of Mount Lodge was tedious, and she was already weary. But the cottage was a restful place to arrive at, for she was her own mistress there—her grandmother never coming down-stairs—and Edy, the woman who lived with and attended her, being a cipher except in muscle

and voice. The approach was by a straight open road, bordered by thin lank trees, all sloping away from the southwest wind quarter, and the scene bore a strange resemblance to certain bits of Dutch landscape which have been imprinted on the world's eye by Hobbema and his school.

Having explained to her granny that the wedding was put off, and that she had come to stay, one of Margery's first acts was to carefully pack up the locket and case, her wedding present from the Baron. The conditions of the gift were unfulfilled, and she wished it to go back instantly. Perhaps in the intricacies of her bosom there lurked a greater satisfaction with the reason for returning the present than she would have felt just then with a reason for keeping it.

To send the article was difficult. In the evening she wrapped herself up, searched and found a gauze veil that had been used by her grandmother in past years for hiving swarms of bees, buried her face in it, and sallied forth with a palpitating heart till she drew near the tabernacle of her demi-god the Baron. She ventured only to the back door, where she handed in the parcel addressed to him, and quickly came away.

Now it seems that during the day the Baron had been unable to learn the result of his attempt to return Margery in time for the event he had interrupted. Wishing, for obvious reasons, to avoid direct inquiry by messenger, and being too unwell to go far himself, he could learn no particulars. He was sitting in thought after a lonely dinner, when the parcel intimating failure was brought in. The footman, whose curiosity had been excited by the mode of its arrival, peeped through the key-hole after closing the door, to learn what the packet meant. Directly the Baron had opened it he thrust out his feet vehemently from his chair, and began cursing his ruinous conduct in bringing about such a disaster, for the return of the locket denoted not only no wedding that day, but none to-morrow, or at any time.

"I have done that innocent woman a great wrong!" he murmured. "Deprived her of, perhaps, her only opportunity of becoming mistress of a happy home!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MOUNT McGREGOR.

"The most persistent case of hay fever completely cured by one week's sojourn at Mount McGregor, or no charge for board," is the guarantee offered by the proprietors of this new and most charming summer resort. In a sense, Mount McGregor is a *new* resort, although its formation shows it to be one of the oldest of the everlasting hills. It is ten miles north of Saratoga Springs, and is the highest peak, south of the Hudson, of the Palmertown range of mountains, the outermost of the five ranges traversing from north to south the wilderness of Northern New York. Beginning with the most eastern, they are, respectively, the Palmertown or Luzerne, the Kayaderossera, the Scarron (Schroon), the Bouquet, and the Adirondack ranges, though these designations have become gradually merged in the general term Adirondacks. Some years ago Mr. Duncan McGregor purchased the mountain, to which he gave his own name, and undertook its reclamation from the primeval wilderness. He built, with infinite labor, a winding carriage-road up its rugged sides, erected a comfortable house on its summit, and invited summer visitors at Saratoga Springs to drive out and examine his view. Many accepted the invitation; but the drive was long and tedious, and Mount McGregor did not attain the popularity to which its unrivalled situation gives it a claim. Last year the property passed into the hands of a company of wealthy gentlemen, who conceived the idea of locating their summer cottages on its breezy heights, and of erecting on its very summit a magnificent hotel, which should form the nucleus of their elevated Arcadia. The vice-president of the company, an enterprising young man named Arkell, possessed of advanced ideas of the value of rapid transit, declared a railroad from Saratoga to be indispensable to the success of the enterprise, and advocated its construction. He was told that the idea of building anything but a cog-wheel road up the mountain-side was preposterous, and that his scheme was wholly impracticable. To prove himself right, Mr. Arkell called to his aid an engineer who had learned among the Peruvian Andes to overcome the obstacles presented by mountains, and, after making five surveys, they discovered a line which they deemed practicable. A thousand men were set to work hewing a road-bed from the solid rock on the mountain-side, bridging wild gorges, and constructing embankments, for which they had to scrape the scanty covering of earth from acres of rocky ledges. In ninety days from the time the first spadeful of earth was upturned the road was finished, and cars were running to the summit of the mountain. In its construction this Saratoga, Mount McGregor, and Lake George Railway is not only a marvel of engineering skill, but of strength and solidity. It is a narrow-gauge track laid on a broad-gauge road-bed, of which all the trestles are calculated to support the heaviest-laden trains of standard gauge and weight. Leaving its pretty station on Broadway, in Saratoga, the train rolls easily and swiftly over six miles of the level farming country of the Upper Hudson, and then begins its four-mile climb of from 212 to 235 feet to the mile, the steepest railroad grade in the State. To attain its object, the little road twists and turns until it is as crooked as the Ocklawaha River, in Florida, and has directed its course toward every point of the compass. Now the train approaches the precipitous verge of the mountain-side, allowing its passengers momentary glimpses of the broad valley far below, and then it plunges back into the depths of the forest; but its progress is ever upward until it has climbed 1000 feet, and stands puffing, as though from its recent exertions, on a little plateau close beside the summit.

Mount McGregor is a bold outlying spur of the mountains in which the Hudson rises, and around it, on the north, the great river sweeps in a sharp curve, and after flowing almost due east through this last barrier, turns to the southward on its majestic course to the sea. Being thus almost isolated from its range, this mountain offers two glorious outlooks, one to the east and south, and one to the west and north. The eastern lookout, which is that of the great Balmoral Hotel on the very summit, is over fifty miles of the Hudson Valley, covered with its farm lands and clumps of dark woods, gleaming here and there with bits of water, and stretching away to a distant background of the Green Mountains in Vermont. Far to the southward Saratoga Lake sparkles in the sunlight, and the opposite horizon is bounded by mountains cradling the waters to which the pious Father Jogues gave the name of "Lake of the Blessed Sacrament"—a name changed a hundred years later by loyal Sir William Johnson to "Lake George." In the immediate foreground the various greens of cultivated field and standing timber offer rich contrasts to the deep red of the barns and pure white of the farm-houses which dot the landscape. From the foot of the mountain extending northeasterly across the valley as far as the eye can see is the southerly *askew* line of the twenty-second allotment of the Kayaderossera Patent, surveyed in 1770, and easily traced by the growth of bushes along its fences and walls.

A few miles to the east, and very plainly visible, rises the battle monument at Old Saratoga (Schuylerville), marking the scene of Burgoyne's surrender. This upper valley of the Hudson during the years of the old Indian wars was the scene of many a fierce conflict between the Iroquois of the Mohawk and the Algonquins of the North, and the trail leading from the Mohawk to the St. Lawrence, over which the war parties of each nation passed on their forays, may still be easily followed as it winds around the foot of Mount McGregor.

Three miles from this point of view the mountain terminates in an abrupt headland known as the Western Lookout, the view from which is overwhelming in its grandeur as the visitor emerges from the forest and is suddenly confronted by it. A thousand feet below him the Hudson, a brawling mountain stream, laughs and tumbles down its foam-flecked bed of rocks. Its course is choked by thousands of saw-logs working their troubled way from distant forests to their destined mills and lumber-yards. Close beyond the river, and extending back, range upon range, until lost in the purple distance, rise the tumultuous mountains awful in their unbroken solitudes and grand in their towering might.

Nothing can be more interesting than to stand on this bold overlook and watch the approach of a thunder-storm down the valley of the Hudson. The masses of slate-colored cloud blot out the distant peaks, and roll on toward the spectator, still bathed in sunlight, like the veil of oblivion, dimly illumined by the glare of far-off lightnings, and heralded by the low mutterings of thunder. The sunlight gradually fades, and a gray darkness creeps on; birds, with frightened cries, fly low and seek shelter from the impending storm, and leaves shiver fitfully in the sudden gusts that stir the heavy air. With terrible rapidity the irresistible cloud wall moves on, enveloping and hiding each feature of the landscape; the muttering thunder increases to a roar, and then to a deafening, stunning crash, following instantly each blinding flame of the electric fires, and with a howling of wind, a rending of branches, and a deluge of rain, the storm bursts over and around the mountain with a fury inconceivable in the sheltered valleys below.

The heavy forest growth covering the summit of Mount McGregor is intersected in all directions by roads and paths leading to points of observation, to the several lakes that nestle in the hollows, and to other places of interest. Of the lakes the largest and most beautiful is Bonita, a mile west of the hotel, and reached by a heavily shaded wood road. The lake is encircled by forest-clad hills, and on its sparkling surface rest a number of the curious floating islands or bogs common to most Adirondack lakes. They are covered with sphagnous mosses, which late in the season rival the autumn foliage of the trees in the richness and beauty of their red, yellow, and purple tints. Amid the mosses bloom the modest Kalmia—offering its humble tribute to the memory of Peter Kalm, the great Swedish botanist who discovered it—gaudy cardinal-flowers, the yellow iris, the sweet-scented river rose, the stately fleur-de-lis, and hundreds more, vivid in color or sweet in perfume, forming patterns on the green groundwork that rival in color the fairest products of Persian looms. The deep coves of the lake offer delicious landing-places of moss-carpeted rock, almost hidden in dark cool shade; it is well stocked with fish, and with its beauty, its wildness, and manifold attractions, it is no wonder that it tempted the hermit whose log cabin still stands a short distance to the right of the boat landing to renounce the world and linger on its dreamy banks.

On the Lake Bonita road stands a novel auxiliary to the usual attractions of a summer resort, in the shape of an art gallery. It is a picturesque Queen Anne building, containing several hundred specimens of the best work of a number of American artists. Among the well-known names appearing on the catalogue of this exhibition are Bierstadt, Quartley, Moran, Wyant, Cropsey, Miss Conant, Story, Tait, Guy, Beard, Van Boskerck, Champney, McEntee, Silva, De Haas, H. P. Smith, Smedley, Smillie, Bolton Jones, De Luce, Parton, Howland, and many others. An admission fee is charged, and the pictures exhibited are for sale on commission. After the expenses of the gallery are deducted from the receipts thus arising, the remaining fund is devoted to the encouragement of American art. Near the art gallery is a romantic sheet of water called Artists' Lake, which in times of freshets falls over its dam in a silver cascade.

Although Mount McGregor is but 1300 feet above Saratoga, this elevation is sufficient to insure a wonderful lowering of temperature. Cool breezes always sweep across its summit; the night is rare on which a blanket is not a comfortable addition to the bed-clothing, and the cheerful wood fires that occasionally blaze on the hearths during evenings and early mornings of July and August days are very welcome.

Sites have been selected and the plans drawn for several woodland cottages, many of which will in time be scattered over the mountain-top, and in the near future Mount McGregor promises to be one of the most popular of American summer resorts.

THE ROSE IN THE GARDEN.

In the garden grew a rose-bush,
And it bore one single flower,
That through summer rain and sunshine
Fairer grew from hour to hour,
Till it was a perfect flower.

Two youths by the garden wandered,
Saw the rose, and vainly sighed,
Each to wear it in his bosom—
White rose, sweet as a sweet bride—
But, alas! both vainly sighed.

Then said one, with angry scorning,
"It would never do for me;
'Tis not white, nor sweet, nor perfect;
Quite a common rose, I see;
It would never do for me."

"Nay," the other said, "of roses
This rose is the very best;
Whitest, purest, sweetest, rarest—
He who wins it will be blest.
Oh, to wear it in my breast!"

And he lingered near the garden
Till he heard a whisper sweet—
"Enter"—and the rose of roses
Bent his loving hand to meet;
Made his life forever sweet!

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Ocean Grove leads all the other sea-side resorts in the rigor of its observance of the Lord's day. Fishing, boating, and bathing on Sunday are regarded as sinful diversions. It is said, however, that this resort is rather liberal in respect to the allowance with which it looks upon the use of bathing suits as street dresses on secular days.

It has occurred to many of the writers who are struggling with the great questions of the day to suggest that, in view of England's sending her paupers to the United States, our government might solve the Indian problem by shipping the troublesome and expensive red men to London and Liverpool, beginning with General Crook's captured Chiricahuas. "Free trade in paupers implies reciprocity," is one way of putting it.

From a financial point of view the National Exhibition of Railway Appliances, in Chicago, was not a success, but it is acknowledged by all that it was one of the most interesting displays ever made in this country.

It is inferred from a dispatch recently received in Washington from General Schofield that there has been an exceptionally destructive tornado somewhere in the far West. He telegraphs from his camp that hostile Indians are "dropping in from all sides in small fragments."

Three great divisions of the human race were represented on the same gallows recently in Arkansas. The condemned men were a negro, a white man, and a Creek Indian.

The railroad contractor who identifies his Italian shovellers by means of numbers painted glaringly on the most conspicuous part of their trousers is credited with having introduced into this country a sort of Italian count that is not likely to turn the heads of the daughters of liberty.

A writer in London says that "conspicuous idiots in English society" imitate the guttural accent of the Prince of Wales and his brothers, of whom the Duke of Edinburgh is the most intensely German in speech and manner. Can it be that the conspicuous idiots in American society have been on the wrong track all this time?

The Marquis Demores was attacked recently in Dakota, where he has an extensive ranch, by a number of men whose ill-will he had incurred. In the fight that ensued one of his assailants was killed. A court held that the killing was justifiable so far as the marquis and his helpers were concerned, but decided to detain for trial two men who were with the slain man's party, on the charge that they are guilty of manslaughter in having provoked the fight.

An interesting question has been raised in one of the civil courts of this city by a colored man, who claims that he should be paid $250 for eight ounces of blood which was transfused into the veins of a man who was suffering from having inhaled illuminating gas. The complaint sets forth that when the colored man consented to part with that much of his blood the sufferer was barely alive, and that three hours after the operation he could recognize friends, and in twenty-four hours was a well man. Perhaps the trial of the case will bring out answers to questions which will suggest themselves to every speculative reader—whether the patient's complexion was less fair or his hair less straight after the operation, and whether he believes that he has suffered any disadvantage because of prejudice against those who have negro blood in their veins.

A Georgia merchant says, "We are selling this year a great many farm bells of large size for use in country neighborhoods as alarms in case of tramps." Some of the bells are large enough to send their notes of alarm out to a dozen or more of the surrounding farms.

The most startling information that has been printed concerning the East River Bridge appeared in a recent issue of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, which paper announced that the heaviest load that has crossed the bridge went over on a Saturday afternoon, and "consisted of a thirteen-ton named Morris Kerrigan," and that subsequently officer Gebhardt "arrested a young man engine fifteen feet in height and drawn by six horses." To those who understand the mysteries of the composing-room the two statements appearing in proximity are less startling than either of them would be if alone.

The first white male child born in Tehama County, California, grew up to be a murderer.

An inventor in Louisville has outdone all others in the struggle to produce a perpetual motion machine. He actually made a contrivance which took off three of his fingers. When a surgeon was dressing the wounded hand, the inventor exclaimed, exultingly, "It worked splendidly; one more bolt and it will run forever."

THE IRISH DUDE(ENE).

The largest piece of glass ever made in the United States, it is said, is sent by an Indiana manufacturer to the Southern Exposition at Louisville. It is fifteen feet long and eleven and a half wide, and the Boston *Post* says it has probably more protection to the square foot than any other manufactured article that will be shown there.

"The United States consumes more lemons than all the rest of the world," paradoxical as it may seem to venders of circus and Sunday-school picnic lemonade.

The *St. James's Gazette* raises the question in England whether the United States is to be the great wine-producing country of the future. The fact that a Dutchman in the interior of Pennsylvania is manufacturing ancient Dutch clocks which can not be distinguished from those made in Holland a hundred years ago, would seem to indicate that America could produce pretty fair French champagne on a pinch.

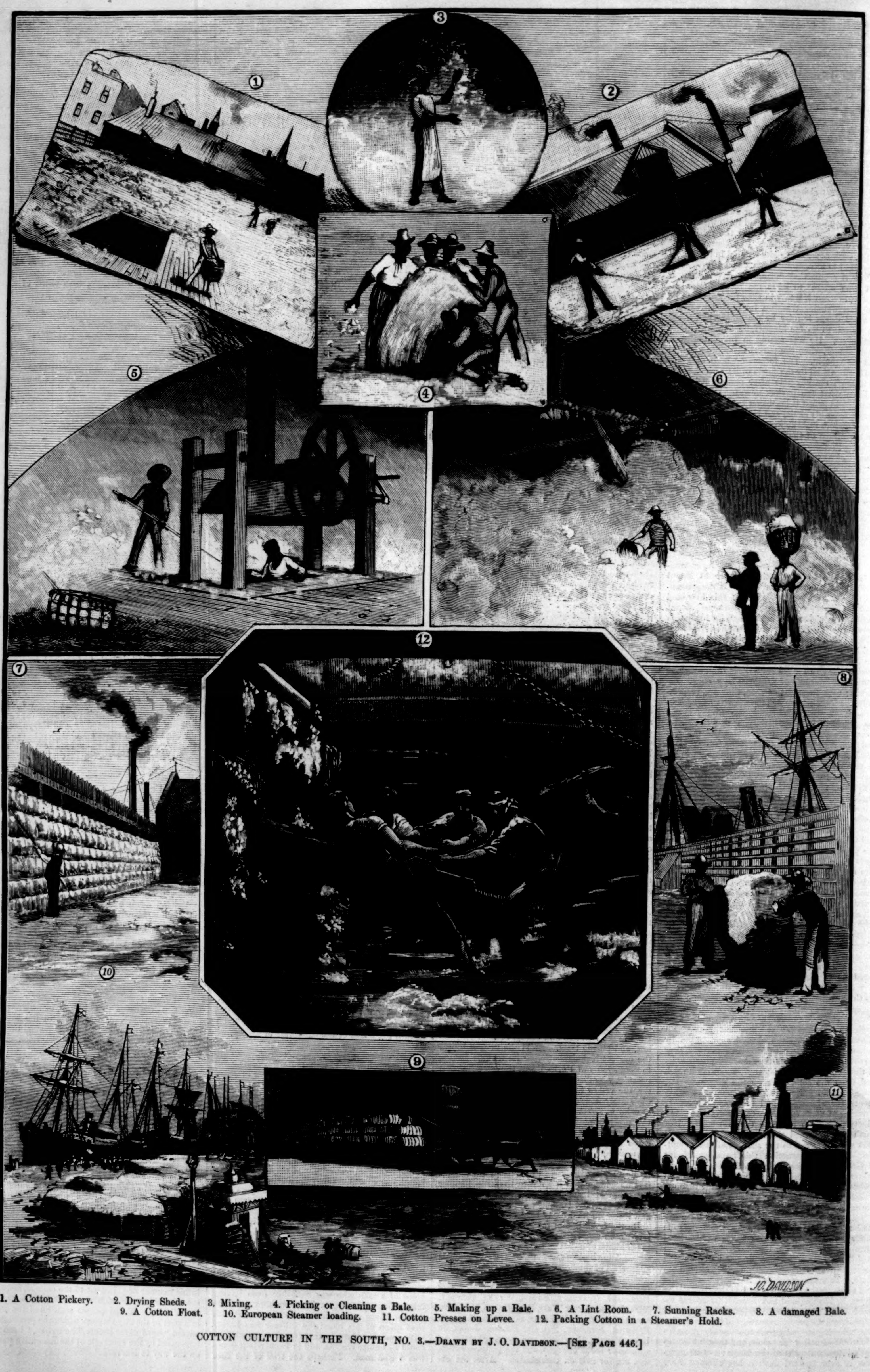
No one would have dared to suspect that the Adams family "ponied" its Greek if a scion of the fourth generation hadn't given his ancestors away.

A new gas main four feet in diameter, running from Charing Cross to Pall Mall, is believed to have the largest capacity of any in the world, with the possible exception of the United States Congress when engaged in the discussion of a measure to revise the tariff.

Now comes from the far West another illustration of the eternal fitness of things. Calico, a town on the Pacific coast, has a newspaper called *The Print*.

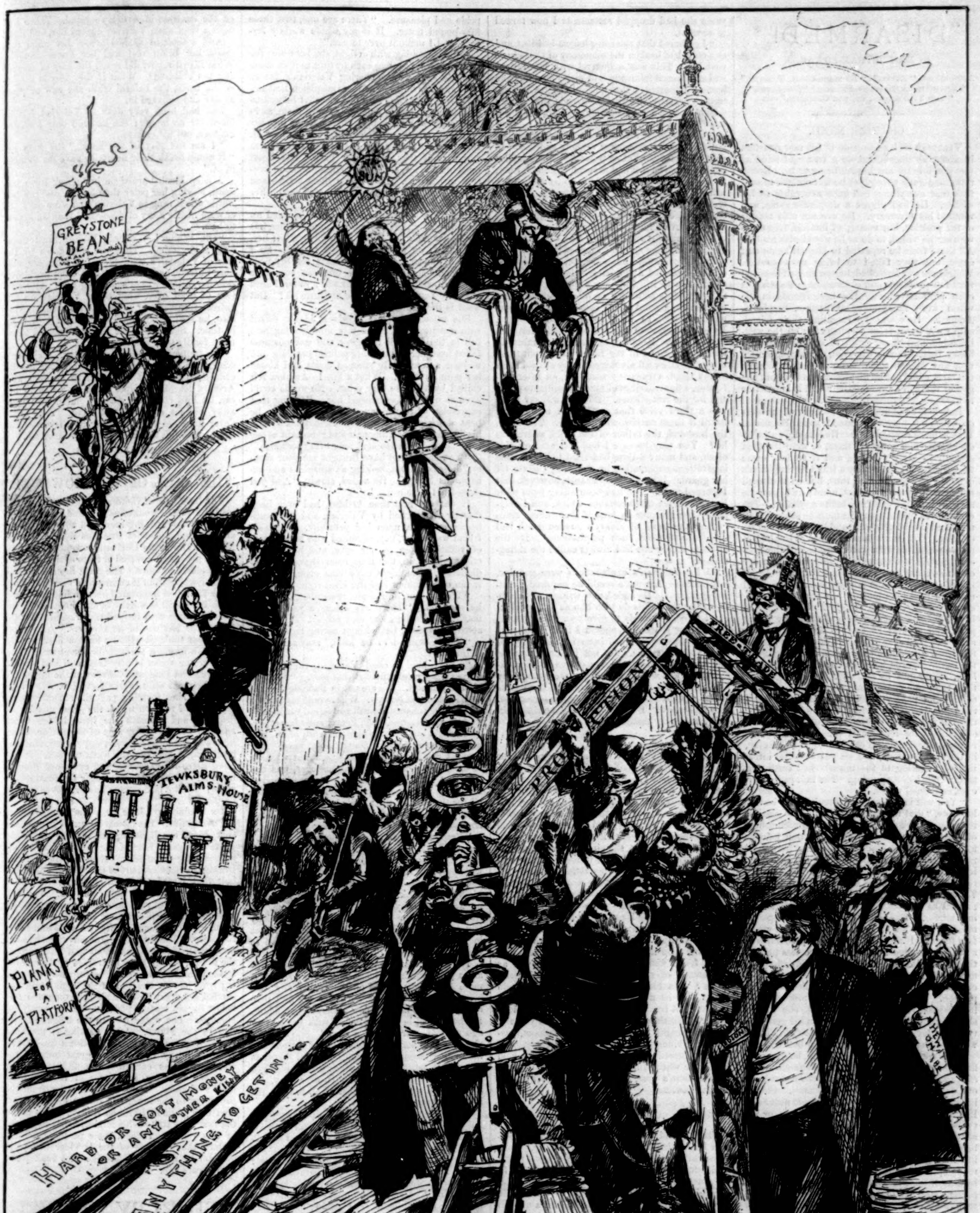
"A fresh ostrich egg now costs only one hundred dollars." Easter is a long way off.

When the veteran Boston correspondent of the Hartford *Courant* sets out to voice the sentiment of that city, his words are regarded throughout New England as having the fidelity of a veritable echo. Of Governor Butler's going from Boston to attend the Harvard Commencement with his six-horse carriage, his mounted staff, his cavalry escort in the showy Lanciers, his broad-brimmed Panama hat, and his Lieutenant-Governor, "who apparently has much reverence for his colleague in office," and of the Governor's doings after reaching Cambridge, he says, "The general opinion is that the Governor, though he was too splurgy in his manner of going out to the college, acquitted himself with much success after reaching there." The colored people who lined the way in a part of the city through which the procession passed "have never before," he writes, "been so impressed by the spectacle of the Executive party on the way to Harvard."



1. A Cotton Pickery. 2. Drying Sheds. 3. Mixing. 4. Picking or Cleaning a Bale. 5. Making up a Bale. 6. A Lint Room. 7. Sunning Racks. 8. A damaged Bale. 9. A Cotton Float. 10. European Steamer loading. 11. Cotton Presses on Levee. 12. Packing Cotton in a Steamer's Hold.

COTTON CULTURE IN THE SOUTH, NO. 3.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 446.]



KEEP THE RASCALS OUT.—[SEE ARTICLE, "OF RASCALS," PAGE 435.]

UNCLE SAM (*to the hungry party whose rascals were turned out more than twenty years ago*). "Up to your old tricks again, eh? Well, you must think I'm a fool, if you suppose you can climb up here in that way."

"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Valerian took possession of his new quarters in about as uncomfortable a frame of mind as was possible for any human being to be. Everything had gone wrong, yet he felt obliged to confess that everything had gone according to his wishes. He had played a desperate game, and worsted his adversary. He was not only master of the position, but master of himself, free to go whither he willed, to do as he would with his life. All these facts he repeated to himself again and again, but they failed to bring re-assurance. Whichever way he looked, he saw himself hemmed round by problems and obstructions; no straight open path anywhere. His best friends in the world were these three—Christina, Stephana, Arthura. How was he requiting their friendship? A letter from Stephana lay on the writing-table, and he sat down to answer it as to a heavy task. It was the kind, confidential letter that any woman would write to a dear friend; the style could not be displeasing to him, but the gist of it lay in a question he found it impossible to answer.

How had he obtained a knowledge of the facts on which his play was based? asked Stephana. Was it mere supposition? Had he drawn inferences only and acted on them, or were the data actually in his possession, and if so, how came they there—honestly or by a fraud? Stephana's question was not framed thus, but so it shaped itself to Valerian's uneasy mind; and long he sat, pen in hand, unable to indite a syllable. The explanation forced upon him must be easier by letter than by word of mouth, and he knew it was inevitable. Yet he hesitated. When at last he put pen to paper, his mind underwent one of those curious phases not uncommon with those who are ever moved by two impulses. Valerian always intended to follow the straight course, but could not help reasoning himself into the advisability, even necessity, of the crooked. He wanted to have Stephana's confidence and sympathy at any price, and at first he said to himself that this should be paid even at the risk of self-abasement. Stephana should know the truth, and nothing but the truth. Words, however, on paper have a hard look. They put us out of countenance sooner than the same confession made by speech; and so the first page was torn, and the second, and the third, and when the fourth was begun not a trace of the original letter remained. Style and substance were remodelled till both became unrecognizable from the original copy. Valerian, in the first instance, had set out with the intention of adhering to the unvarnished truth, but finally ended in romancing. The first page, however, contained verity.

"You will most likely be astonished to learn," he wrote, "that the earliest notion of my possible relation to Christina arose from a consciousness of antipathy, the kind of antipathy that belongs to nearness of kin—indeed, that arises from nearness of kin. Why should people not nearly related ever dislike each other? There are a dozen reasons why those of the same blood should do so. They see their own frailties and defects, mental as well as physical, reflected, often distorted, as in a mirror. They can not get rid of a perpetual monitor, or at least reminder, of what they would fain forget. If the shining qualities predominate, a sense of comparison is evoked no less painful than self-criticism. So it was with Christina and myself. The shining qualities were not there, certainly, but others as forcibly challenging comparison. I was serviceable to my protectress—nay, essential to her comfort—and she always showed consideration and open-handed generosity to me, for which I am not ungrateful. There was never any pretense of affection between us.

"The truth, or the probable truth, having once flashed across my mind, a thousand circumstances seemed to confirm it. I knew that one person, and one only, was in Christina's confidence. Colette might—must—know, but Colette would never tell. Her attitude was always that of a mediator between her patroness and myself. She would give affront twenty times a day by interference on my behalf, always of a conciliatory nature, and always in matters of little moment. She had evidently made up her mind that at some future time, and by dint of her own efforts, Christina and I should become attached to each other. I could not help remarking this, and it seemed to me, viewed by the light of a steadily growing conviction, evidence of secret remorse on Colette's part. She herself felt concerned in the wrong that had been done me, and hoped to make amends. But for some such feeling, why her apologetic behavior, her reiterated mediations, her supererogation of friendly offices? It is my firm belief that the kindly little French woman often remonstrated with her mistress in secret, and that I formed the only subject of contention between them. Christina would not love me enough, and Colette could not make her. Another point struck me: Colette never seemed satisfied with our mistress's liberality toward myself. She seemed—so at least I began to fancy—as if I ought to be treated like the master of the house, as if I ought rather to share than serve the rich Miss Hermitage's fortune. In trifling matters Colette would put in a word. Mr. Valerian should have his riding-horse; Mr. Valerian should have his valet. I could not be made too much of, she seemed to think. We were always on the best of terms, Colette and I, and in our free and easy conversations of many years she had dropped statements I now turned to account.

"I gathered that *one* conspicuous incident, and one only, had broken the monotony of Christina's past life. This was a quarrel with her father, and an absence following it of many months from home. Concerning this quarrel Colette was extremely reticent. The pair of friends, the Squire's daughter and her companion, had travelled for more than a year. Where did they go? How did they occupy themselves? Such questions Colette would ever answer vaguely and with evident reluctance. Yet at times she would advert to this epoch as if it had especial charms for her, and as if she were compelled to do so against her will. Was it that she felt the burden of a secret? Was it that she would fain have spoken out but dared not? One or two hints she did let fall of a love affair, of Christina's determination to marry against the Squire's will, of a final reconciliation. She named no names in conjunction with this love affair, but on former occasions had often mentioned a personage whom I could but associate with it. This was the riding-master of the pair, who, somehow or other, Colette could not seem to get out of her head, although he was never alluded to in her mistress's presence. My suspicions were aroused here, and I felt that I had a clew. Knowing as I did the character of the daughter, and of the father also, I put these things together till a coherent story shaped itself in my mind, a runaway marriage, an after-confession, a final sacrifice of natural feeling to pride, and for the rest silence. But you will say there was a third voice that must have made itself heard if these suspicions were true. The lover, the husband, the father of the child, where was he? You may be sure I had pondered on this often, and many a time had tried to elicit some inadvertent explanation by throwing Colette off her guard. It was only by chance, however, that I learned more. She had been ailing from what French women call a nervous attack, and I overheard her murmur to herself that 'never since getting the news of Henry's sudden death had she suffered from such palpitations.' By the name of Henry she had always called the riding-master."

So far Valerian's explanations were genuine, but he knew that more would be required to satisfy Stephana. He added, now writing desperately, letting the words do with him as they would:

"I have no proofs to give you. Had proofs been in my possession, should I have acted as I did? There would have been no necessity for shift and stratagem. Do not blame, therefore, but rather pity me for being driven to such extremities; and what is more—yes, Stephana, I say it for once and for all—you are said to possess subtle fascinations over your fellow-creatures. Use them now. Exorcise two evil spirits: reconcile me to my mother if you can.

"Valerian."

But what if Valerian had added a postscript hinting at betrayed confidence and violated trust, private documents surreptitiously handled, and secret places pried into? For Valerian had told a part of the truth only. The basis of his play had been a fragmentary journal in Colette's handwriting, and of that diary and the means by which he had obtained access to it he said never a word. The Molly, the Letty, the sire, the swain, of Valerian's idyllic play all lived in these sentimental pages, penned for her own satisfaction, and as a relief to outward secrecy, by a girl, more than thirty years before. The outline of the story, with some reservation, was there. He had but hazarded the sequel, put in a few details, and made of the scattered incidents a consistent whole. On the other hand, might not Valerian have urged on his own behalf that he had combated fraud with fraud, and forced his way as the owner of stolen treasure into the thief's house? His birthright had been filched from him. Was he not justified in using any means to wrench it from the hands of those who held it back? All these arguments, and many more, Valerian might have put before Stephana, passionately, vindictively, maybe unanswerably. Because he dreaded a shadow of discredit he held his peace when it most behooved him to speak. In Stephana's eyes, at least, his conduct should appear flawless.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The ink had not dried on the page, and Valerian lingered, seal in hand, when a clear, joyous voice called his name. How may a word find a soul's depth, as a pebble the well's bottom! In a moment he felt conscious of himself—that hidden self, dark and unfathomable to other eyes. It was but his own name he heard, and a maiden uttering it. Yet he stood still, hesitating painfully.

"Valerian! Valerian!" again exclaimed Arthura, no cloud on her brow, no uncertainty in her movements. The true, transparent nature shone out of her steadfast eyes and betrayed itself in her welcoming smile. An apparition, an apparition of joy and beauty, she seemed as she stood thus, an impersonation of the daring maidenly love that thinketh no evil.

There was wintriness in the heavens and in the air, but the warm carnation of her lips and cheek, and the touches of bright color relieving her dress, cheered the place if they could not cheer Valerian's heart. Undismayed by his silence—attributing it, indeed, to overjoyed surprise—she now moved to the writing-table by which he was standing. Then, with indescribable, almost infantine satisfaction, she unclosed her palm and dropped several bank-notes on to his writing-case. Each was crumpled, for, regarding them as far too precious to consign to purse or pocket, she had brought her treasure from one end of London to the other in her hands.

"Count these notes," she said, blushing with pride and pleasure. "There are one, two, three fifty-pound notes. It is my whole worldly fortune, and I make it over to you."

Still crimsoning with delight, she bent over the paper money, fondling each by turn as if in those symbols she was deciphering Valerian's future weal and her own. The mere suspicion that her lover was not at one with her, and that boundless confidence no longer existed between them, as in the matchless French days, never entered into her mind. It must be with Valerian as with herself. Once more together, the ills of separation were surely as if they had never been. Her heart must open to his, and his thoughts commune freely with her own. Love made them artless and trusting as children who have singled each other out for comradeship.

She babbled on blithely: "I had hoarded up this money for the remainder of papa's debts, but my step-mother has had a little fortune left her, and insists on paying the debts herself. So I have a hundred and fifty pounds for my poor Valerian. Mr. Constantine tells me you have come to London to make your way; you will need money. You will not refuse my little all? But what is the matter?"

She uttered the last words suddenly seized with consternation. She was now looking him full in the face, all the glow and gaysomeness faded from her own, all her painful entreaty told without a word. He stooped down and kissed her pure forehead. What a kiss! Arthura felt chilled by it to the very veins. No words could have so utterly disconcerted her. Reading that expression of dismay once more, once more he bent down and touched her candid brow with his lips, Arthura waiting pale and expectant as one to whom the next moment may bring sentence.

"You should not have brought me your money," he said at last, looking as spiritless and unhappy as herself. He added, slowly, "And you should not have come."

It was the first time Arthura had ever been directly reproached by Valerian, and the truth began to dawn upon her painfully. Her best friend was angry, nay, affronted with her. Tears of vexation rose to her eyes, and her cheeks crimsoned again, this time from shame and indignation. She might have done wrong, but Valerian of all others had the least right to blame.

"We are not in France, remember, dearest," he went on. "There are things a young lady may do, and things she may not do. You have acted generously, but without taking thought."

"I only wanted to be kind," murmured Arthura.

"Kind! kind!" cried Valerian, running his fingers desperately through his hair. "First be kind to yourself. We are not in Madame Henri's drawing-room at Nantes. What would my friends think if they chanced to call and found you here?"

It was a brusque, even brutal speech, yet Arthura could but acknowledge the truth of it. She realized the unwelcome conviction at once. Her conduct was not only inconsequent, but wanting in maidenly reserve. Where, however, was the love that should have risen up as an advocate? where the tenderness that should have pardoned all for the sake of the motive? She rose proudly to go, no playful vindication on her lips now, no arch remonstrance in her eyes.

"Pardon me, a thousand pardons, my darling," Valerian said, hurriedly and apologetically, evidently anxious to get the interview over. "I will come and see you in your home. I will tell you everything. Forgive me if I express myself plainly. I thank you heartily for your generous intentions. But you should not have come. It was wrong of me to let you go on that holiday trip to France. We must become circumspect in the future. We must have some regard to the world."

The world! Arthura stood still with sealed lips and a pale, anguish-stricken face. For a stronger, more cruel light played on the reality now, and brought it home to her. Not for the first time to-day had she fallen below Valerian's standard. He had, then, been dissatisfied with her a year ago without ever saying a word! She thought she could understand that part of his conduct hitherto mysterious, the long interval between letter and letter, the silence as to his changed fortunes, the chilling reception of to-day, the spoken, and what was hardest of all to bear, the implied reproach.

That little word with which Valerian's sentence finished seemed to rise up as a wall between them. The world! What but the world had divided them from the beginning? What but the world prompted Valerian's unkindness now? Might not the world end by separating them more and more, and wearing away their love for each other? Her quick, impatient mind went farther. She thought she could date every change in Valerian's behavior from that French holiday, and recollected happiness rose up as a Nemesis to smite her now.

She was but justly punished for having loved too well. She looked at him, no longer, as she deemed, her adoring lover and closest friend in the wide world; rather her judge and discommender. At last she said, very quietly and pathetically, her mind full of the lost trustingness and joy and hope, and of the present blank and uncertainty: "I know that I ought not to have gone on that holiday excursion with you. But never let any one blame me except yourself. I could not bear it."

She went on, struggling now not with tears, but an agitation deeper still:

"If my step-mother and the children should ever hear of it, I mean. You made me promise to say nothing of our engagement to them. And now, if they should hear what I have done, and that you blame me for it!"

She paused, as Valerian thought, on the verge of sobs, and, wishing to comfort her, he took her hands in his own and clasped them close. But the action did not soothe, it only served to heighten the contrast in Arthura's mind. There had been a time when Valerian adored her, and now!

And a thought flashed across her mind that made her brain reel and her knees tremble. What if evil report did reach the ears of Steppie and the children! What if they should discover the truth, the baleful truth she saw as plain as day and believed in.

She had been very dear to Valerian, but he loved her no longer; she had not only forfeited his love, but his esteem.

"I am the stay of the house," she went on. "It would break their hearts to have me thought ill of."

A deep blush burned on her cheek for a moment, leaving her paler than before, and the last words which rang in Valerian's ears for days after were rather a cry of desolation than an appeal to him.

"Oh, Walter! Walter! Walter must never know," she cried. Then she slid down by the side of Valerian's chair for a few moments, sobbing bitterly, unconscious of the cruel world outside her little brother's adoring love. Her passion of grief over, what could Valerian do but entreat forgiveness? She was his own, his very own, he said. All would come right with them in time. She must love him a thousand times more fondly than ever.

The smiter in his turn was smitten. Valerian's conscience did indeed reproach him for the ill-considered words of a quarter of an hour ago. Arthura let him whisper what he would in her ear, let him clasp her passive hand, then went away without a smile or a word. They could never more be to each other as they once had been. She felt it to be supreme valediction.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1373.

THE FALL OF THE BOWLDER.

The hundreds of visitors who this summer will visit the White Mountains will find some change in one of the striking scenes in the picturesque and charming district that lies near Franconia Notch. The Eagle Cliff still towers up, with its craggy precipices covered or festooned with birches, maples, and vines. The great Stone Face still looks down, as if, in Hawthorne's words, an enormous Titan had sculptured his own likeness there. Echo Lake still is worthy of its name. The Basin still brims with its pellucid waters. But the Flume has lost one of its wonders. All visitors remember the spot where a narrow fissure in the mountain forms a passage for the stream. This cleft in the rocks is fifty feet high and several hundred feet long, and narrows at the upper end till it becomes only twelve feet wide. The little torrent rushes foaming past the smooth frowning walls of rock on which the green mosses are dripping, and beneath the little bridge which spanned the narrowest part of the ravine. Just here was the huge bowlder, egg-shaped, that had been caught between the walls of rock. It had hung there for centuries, and every one thought it would still hang threateningly for centuries to come; but the late storms have removed it from its place.

On Wednesday, June 20, a storm passed over the mountains. The clouds began to thicken and sink down, the lightning flashed far and wide, while the heavy roar of the thunder told of the approaching down-pour. Rain fell in torrents. During the heaviest part of the shower a thunder-bolt that jarred the country for miles around struck Mount Liberty near the top. The bolt started a mass of rock down the steep side, which widened and deepened as it pushed its way forward, leaving a channel fifty feet wide and thirty feet deep. The flood of water carrying the huge mass entered the stream about half a mile above the Flume, cutting away both sides of the stream. It then entered the Flume, swept away the pine log lying across the top of the high walls, and carried the great bowlder about a thousand feet below its old resting-place beside the newly cut channel. The water rose to the height of fifty feet in the Flume. After passing it the flood spread right and left, taking down nearly two acres of heavy forest. The great bulk of the stone that was carried down lodged on the "apron," covering two-thirds of it with huge blocks of stone. Nearly all the space from the bridge up to the lower end of the Flume is covered with stone and broken timber. This is not the first time that such a land-slide has happened in this region. Indeed, some people have explained the presence of the bowlder in its old position by the large land-slide that took place many years ago.

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. de Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

HOT WATER AND COLD.

The golden mediocrity which has ever characterized me and all my ways prevented me from achieving distinction of any kind, good or bad, during my first term at Oxford. I read a little—a very little; I enjoyed myself a great deal; and every evening, before going to bed, I took out that water-color sketch of Maud, and sighed over it for quite five minutes. I went in for all attainable amusements; but then (as I pointed out to George, who would sometimes bear down upon me with a censorious face), I did not abuse them. We used to throw the dice in those days; we were fond of arraying ourselves in waistcoats of brilliant design; we followed the hounds—for

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1381.

the most part upon hired screws—and some of us believed ourselves to be such consummate whips that nothing but driving tandem would serve us. I did all of these things, but not in such a manner as to make myself conspicuous; and it will be seen that, with the exception of the first, they were innocent pastimes enough. I was, in short, so exactly like other young men, and my life at Oxford so completely resembled their lives, that it seems hardly worth while to say another word about the matter.

But if no change was wrought in me or my experiences by the substitution of Oxford for Eton, it was otherwise with the inhabitants of Thirlby, whose social history was just now entering upon the revolutionary era which so often succeeds to long periods of stagnation. I heard nothing about it at the time, my sole correspondent being a reticent person, who never cared to dwell upon matters whereby he was himself disagreeably affected; but afterward I received various accounts from various quarters of what all were agreed was an unmixed calamity for the parish. It was Mrs. Farquhar's fault from beginning to end, my informants declared; but, as an impartial historian, I feel bound to record my conviction that if Mrs. Farquhar had been alone and unopposed, matters would have passed off much more smoothly, and some useful little reforms would have been effected without any great disturbance. For Mrs. Farquhar was like some statesmen whom I have heard of, who turn things topsy-turvy not so much because they are consumed by an ardent love of progress as because they have a rival, whose mines they find it absolutely necessary to countermine, and whose glory must at all hazards be outshone. One reformer may be accepted with resignation, and even with a modicum of thankfulness; but when two reformers appear in the field it is a poor lookout for peaceable and conservative folk.

Now all the acts of Miss Maud Dennison, and the poor whom she relieved, and the drunkards whom she reclaimed, and the heads of families whom she brought to attend the services of the Church, have they not been fully chronicled in a previous chapter? These were noble and praiseworthy deeds; and, as a matter of abstract speculation, I say that Mrs. Farquhar would probably have done as much—or nearly as much—and no more, had not Maud unfortunately anticipated her. But that an energetic and God-fearing lady of seventy-five should sit still, with her hands before her, and allow a mere chit of a girl to usurp all authority over the surrounding district, together with the prestige resulting from the same, was what no reasonable person could expect. Accordingly, no sooner had Maud returned home from Surrey than Mrs. Farquhar furbished up her arms and prepared to descend into the arena.

First she struck a blow at the Establishment. For three consecutive Sundays she went to church, and sat in the square family pew opposite the pulpit, determined to give the Rector a fair hearing, and on the third Sunday she definitively summed up against him. On the fourth Sunday she drove down to the village, and, in the sight of the sun and within hearing of the church bells, marched into the little red brick chapel which had been lately erected by the members of the Baptist Connection. This was a truly scandalous thing to do; and Mrs. Farquhar did not lessen the scandal by explaining audibly to Lady Welby and others that the preaching of "that unfortunate Mr. Dennison" was "just intolerable." But she did not stop short at that. Thirlby Church was a spacious edifice, which never, at the best of times, was more than half filled, and it had been evident to Maud that the congregation—unlike the power of the British Crown at a certain famous period—had diminished, was diminishing, and ought to be increased. Now I am afraid there can be no doubt that the means adopted to secure this desirable result had not in every case been of the purest kind. There had not, perhaps, been anything amounting to what an election commissioner would consider direct bribery; but it is a fact that doles of tea, tobacco, and snuff had been distributed to some aged parishioners who had suddenly taken to church-going, while more than one hardened Daddy Longlegs, who could not be prevailed upon to say his prayers at any price, was conspicuously left out in the cold. Mrs. Farquhar found out all about this, and declared that such methods of dealing with the poor were worthy of the worst days of the Inquisition. If we could not look for edification or spiritual encouragement from the pastor of the flock, she said, let us at least have religious toleration. Let us not put a premium upon hypocrisy. Let us not descend to such unworthy shifts as pampering the body in order to make a fair show of having saved the soul. Her subsequent behavior was marked by that calm and astounding inconsistency to which she owed her greatest successes. She actually set to work to outbid Maud. First of all, she got hold of the devout parishioners aforesaid, and saturated their whole systems with tea, tobacco, and snuff, till they were ready to promise anything; then she attacked the recalcitrant ones, and—to use Bunce's forcible if somewhat coarse expression—"skeered the livers out of 'em," with vivid pictures of a future place of torment. After which they also received creature comforts; and the end of it was that the parish church became more empty than ever, while Ebenezer was filled to overflowing. I regret to add that in this brief and brilliant campaign Mrs. Farquhar was ably seconded by that firebrand, Mrs. Bunce, who, to be sure, was a Dissenter herself, but who was probably actuated in this instance by sheer pugnacity and love of rebellion against constituted authorities. This was the beginning of the great Farquhar-Bunce schism, whereby the parish of Thirlby was distracted long after the originators of the controversy had fallen out and become deadly enemies, which latter event, indeed, occurred within the space of a very few weeks.

When Mrs. Farquhar had succeeded in setting the whole of that little world by the ears, and in stirring up universal dissension as well as Dissent, she was comfortable and contented, feeling that she had done her duty. For she was one of those thrice-happy people who always believe that they are doing their duty, and who follow the dictates of their own sweet will with the most thorough conscientiousness. She did not mean to work mischief; on the contrary, it was her earnest desire to do good; but she could not let sleeping dogs lie. The sight of a sleeping dog irritated her beyond everything. Her first impulse (and she invariably acted upon her first impulse) was to kick him; and if he jumped up and bit her, she rather liked it.

After having harassed the Church, she turned her attention to secular matters, and began to overhaul my uncle's accounts. Then arose a terrible disturbance. Peculation, it appeared, had been going on for years—peculation and malversation, and goodness knows what else besides. Perquisites here, perquisites there!—Mrs. Farquhar was horrified, and vowed that such a state of things could not be allowed to go on for another hour. My uncle absolutely declined to take any action in the matter; he tried to imitate Gallio, while Thompson, the bailiff, and Mrs. Peters, the housekeeper, were dragged and beaten before the judgment-seat, so to speak; but it wouldn't do. He had to step down and take a side; and the side that he took was that of the accused. Hence arose wars and fightings, which would assuredly have ended in bringing about a resignation *en masse* of the servants, had not these been really attached to their master—and also, no doubt, to their place, which was an easy and profitable one. Mrs. Farquhar was unsuccessful here; but, alas! she was not disheartened; and what my poor uncle must have suffered from her at this time I shudder to think of. By some means or other she obtained possession of a certain little red volume, known as "Bunce's Book," which, as I well recollect, used to be brought up to the Hall once a month, and which set forth in a bold and phonetic style of orthography the expenses incurred during the previous four weeks in the preservation of game and in "hod jobbs" (I quote from the original). So shocked was Mrs. Farquhar by the statistics thus laid bare before her that she wasted no time in vain remonstrances with Bunce's employer, but marched straight off to the cottage of the delinquent himself, where, by all accounts, she met her match. Bunce, who was nothing if not independent, and who, according to his own code, was as honest as the day, was the last man in the world to sit still and hear himself called a thief. He gave Mrs. Farquhar his opinion of her in a few well-chosen words, held open his garden gate for her to walk out, and then, having allowed her ten minutes' start, proceeded up to the Hall, where he saw my uncle, and requested to be relieved of his functions. A stormy scene ensued, in the course of which I believe that Mrs. Farquhar actually shed tears of mortification; from which I am led to conclude that Bunce must have hit her very hard indeed. She partly withdrew her accusations at length; but Bunce could by no means be persuaded to withdraw his resignation; and the upshot of it was that my uncle was compelled to order him out of the room, saying that the matter should be more fully discussed between them in private, and when they should both be a little less heated.

It was at this juncture that I returned home for Christmas, and great was my wrath on hearing of the tribulation into which my old friend had fallen. My uncle told me about it in the evening, laughing a little in spite of his vexation.

"I am afraid my mother is very angry," he said, "though really she brought it all upon herself. Of course Bunce does not mean to go; but, to tell the truth, he was extremely insolent, and I can not allow him to give his tongue such freedom. So I have not held any communication with him for three whole days, and I trust that he is now beginning to be frightened. You and I will go down and see him to-morrow, Charley, and put matters straight."

"I wish Mrs. Farquhar would mind her own business," I exclaimed, angrily.

"My dear boy, you can't wish it more devoutly than I do, but as you grow older you will be surprised to find how very few people do mind their own business. After all, one must judge by motives, not by words or actions."

I held a diametrically opposite opinion, and I said so, but my uncle only smiled and changed the subject.

Immediately after breakfast the next morning we started on our mission of peace. The weather was bright and frosty. As we made our way across the hard frozen fields the whole of the wide bare landscape around us stood out in sharp black and white, and every distant object seemed close at hand. Among other distant objects we descried Bunce, who was standing on a ladder, propped against the side of the wooden lean-to which adjoined his dwelling, and was hammering vigorously at some started planks. I have not the slightest doubt but that he was perfectly well aware of our approach, for he had the sharpest eyes and ears in the county, but he was pleased to ignore us, and remained elaborately unconscious even when we had reached his garden gate.

Mrs. Bunce came hurrying out to receive us, dropping courtesies at every step, and the ceremonious politeness of Mrs. Bunce's manner was such that it was evident that she meant mischief. Her sleeves were rolled up above her elbows, and she explained how grieved she was that she was having a thorough clean up of her pore place afore leavin' of it for good, and consequently could not ask us to honor her by stepping inside and taking a cheer. She then informed herself minutely as to the state of my health, returned pious thanks to Heaven on hearing that I had never been better in my life, and expressed a hope that I might be spared for many years to be a comfort to my uncle, who, she was kind enough to add, deserved a deal more comfort out of life than he got. All this time her husband, with his back turned toward us, was hammering away for dear life, making as much noise as a whole gang of shipwrights in a dock-yard.

"Bunce!" called out Mrs. Bunce, softly, "come down d'reckly, will you? Here's— Drat the man! I do b'lieve he gets a little hard o' hearin'. We're none of us so young as we once was, sir, and what we're to do for to make a livin' when we leaves this, Providence alone can tell, though Bunce he's a active man for his years, and hard-workin'—Lord! I never see such a man for work. Wears hisself out, I tell him, but he don't pay no heed to me. Might I make so bold as to ask, sir, whether you've found a new keeper yet? Bunce he did hear of a young man as might be sootable, though a little given to drink at times, they tell me, and experience of course he have not got it. But there, it's that difficult to meet with a experienced keeper nowadays—"

"So difficult, Mrs. Bunce," interrupted my uncle, "that I have not the slightest intention of looking out for one. If you will kindly induce your husband to stop making that noise and come down, I shall be able to convince him, I hope, that there is no need for us to part."

Mrs. Bunce shook her head mournfully. "He's terrible obstinate, sir," she said, "and full o' sinful pride, as I've told him many and many's the time. 'Mark my word,' says I, 'pride 'll have a fall.' And, sure enough, I was right, you see, sir; for if it isn't enough to abase any man's pride to be likened to a common pickpocket, and that by a stranger, as you may say—"

"Come, come, Mrs. Bunce," broke in my uncle; "if we are to be called bad names, it is surely better to receive them from those who don't know us than from those who do. But Mrs. Farquhar never meant to call your husband a pickpocket; and if she said more than she should have done, so did he. I think he must admit that."

"So I telled him, sir—so I telled him," answered Mrs. Bunce, raising her voice a little. "'The idear,' I says, 'o' your speakin' up to your betters like that! Why, you ought to be 'shamed o' yourself. Don't you know,' I says, 'that 'twas your dooty as a Christian, let alone a keeper, to hold your tongue, and allow the lady to say what she pleased? What if she did tell you you was dishonest?—you that wouldn't take a farden as didn't belong to you to save yourself from starvin'! What if she did come a-meddlin' and a-makin' with things as was no concern o' hers, and blackenin' c'racters as would bear lookin' into better than her own, mayhap? 'Tis our dooty to forgive sech,' I says, 'and to turn 'em t'other cheek.' But Bunce he were that hurt in his feelin's that his Bible didn't seem to do him one mossel o' good. He's unregen'rit, sir, and that's the truth. Why, to hear him talk one would think he expected as you should take his part—him being innercent, you see, sir—against your own mother! Clean out of all reason! And as for him stoppin' on, after all that's past, why, I am bound to confess as I wouldn't ventur' for to propose it to him, sir."

While Mrs. Bunce had thus been playing the part of Antony, the hammering overhead had been going on in a subdued and spasmodic manner, which showed plainly enough that her husband had not lost a word of her discourse, and its peroration was saluted by a salvo of tremendous raps suspiciously like applause.

My uncle was really vexed. "Upon my word, Mrs. Bunce," he said, "I think you are both of you making rather too much of this. To the best of my recollection the word 'dishonesty' was never used; and if it had been, you ought to know that it would have produced no impression upon me. It was quite unnecessary for me to 'take Bunce's part,' as you say, upon a question of honesty, and if there has been any irregularity, I have been fully as much to blame for it as he. When he chose to use the language that he did to Mrs. Farquhar I was obliged to stop him, but if he will now make a proper apology to her—"

"Naä!" shouted Bunce, suddenly facing about, and breaking into dialect, as his habit was when strongly moved—"naä! I think 'tis her owt to 'poligize to I, not me to sheä." And having thus delivered himself, he returned to his hammering with renewed energy.

But I thought it was high time that we should be relieved from this deafening din; so I picked up a clod of earth and pitched it at him, calling out to him to come down, and not play the fool any longer.

Bunce obeyed my summons somewhat stiffly, a slow grin overspreading his wooden features as he descended the ladder. "How do you do, Mr. Chawls? Glad to see you home agin, sir, and lookin' so well, too—what I said to that there lady I sticks to," was his greeting, uttered all in one breath.

"Bunce, Bunce, don't force me into telling you that you must go your own way," said my uncle. "We are too old friends to quarrel over a trifle."

"Tain't no trifle as should part me and you, Squire," returned Bunce. "If you'd ha' told me there was anythin' wrong in my book, it should ha' bin altered, even if I was out o' pocket by it, and I shouldn't ha' bore no malice; but, as the Scripture says, No man can serve two masters, much less a master and a mistress; and when a man o' my age finds his accounts overhauled by a stranger, and hears hisself called a cheat into the bargain, why, he naterally cuts up a bit rough. Beggin' your pardon, Squire, I think you'd ha' done the same in my place."

My uncle considered for a moment, and then answered, "I suppose I should."

I have never been able to determine satisfactorily to myself whether my uncle's keen sense of justice was or was not a quality to be envied. Its immediate and apparent results were certainly unfortunate for him, as a general thing. Assuredly Bunce did not mean to leave—would probably have apologized to Mrs. Farquhar sooner than leave, if the screw had been brought to bear upon him, and this my uncle knew perfectly well. But he would not take advantage of his power to turn the screw; and the consequence was that Bunce not only kept his place without apologizing, but—as was quite natural—cherished a grudge against my uncle for a long time afterward. "He hadn't no call to turn me out o' the room afore I'd had my say," the old fellow would repeat, with a growing sense of injury, and I am sorry to have to add that from that time forth the tyranny of Bunce increased fourfold.

The reader will no doubt conclude that my uncle was a weak man, who deserved to be bullied; and indeed this was very much the view taken of his character by those who knew and loved him best. For although we hear a good deal about the courage of acknowledging one's self to be in the wrong, that particular form of intrepidity has, for obvious reasons, never yet commanded popular respect, and never will. My dear old uncle did not covet popularity. He cared only to obey his conscience—and a very troublesome sort of conscience it must have been to him at times, I am afraid.

Bunce having thus dictated terms of peace, it seemed only natural to expect that Mrs. Farquhar, as representing the defeated party, would feel and express some little anger; but that curiously equable old lady astonished me by doing nothing of the sort. She only smiled and shook her head, and as soon as she and I were alone, confided to me that poor Bernard was quite incapable of holding his own against any one who tried to get the better of him. My warm retort that Bunce was as honest as any of us only caused her to smile more than ever. "Oh, ay," she said, "very likely. I name no names." And after that enigmatical utterance she began to talk about something else.

Mrs. Farquhar was defeated, but she was very far indeed from being put to silence, and not a day passed without many and many an allusion of the above nature falling from her. She was always cheerful, always good-humored, and never, apparently, conscious of giving annoyance, yet she exasperated us both to the verge of madness. Most people, I suppose, have, at one time or another of their lives, had to do with a nagging woman, and know the feeling of angry despair which is apt to be aroused by rediscussion of threshed-out topics, and reiteration of arguments which have been fifty times answered. Many excellent women do nag, and perhaps the more excellent they are the more intolerable is their system of nagging. My uncle bore it all with the patience of Job and the meekness of Moses; but he grew more and more silent, and the harassed expression which I had noticed upon his face in former years after one of his visits to Scotland had become habitual. Even I, who had a naturally thicker skin than he, and who was, besides, exceptionally favored by Mrs. Farquhar—even I fretted under this regimen of incessant pinpricks, until at last I could stand it no longer, and boldly attacked our venerable tormentor.

"Mrs. Farquhar," I said to her one day, "what *is* the use of your going on as you do about Bunce? He isn't going to be sent away, you know, and you only worry Uncle Bernard to death by persisting."

She looked a good deal surprised, and said she didn't know what I meant. She was not aware of having persisted in anything—except indeed in her opinion (to which, surely, she was entitled) that accounts ought to be made intelligible. "No one," she added, "can be more anxious to spare your dear uncle worry than I am, but when I think a thing wrong, I must say so."

"Yes, but might not once be enough?" I ventured to suggest.

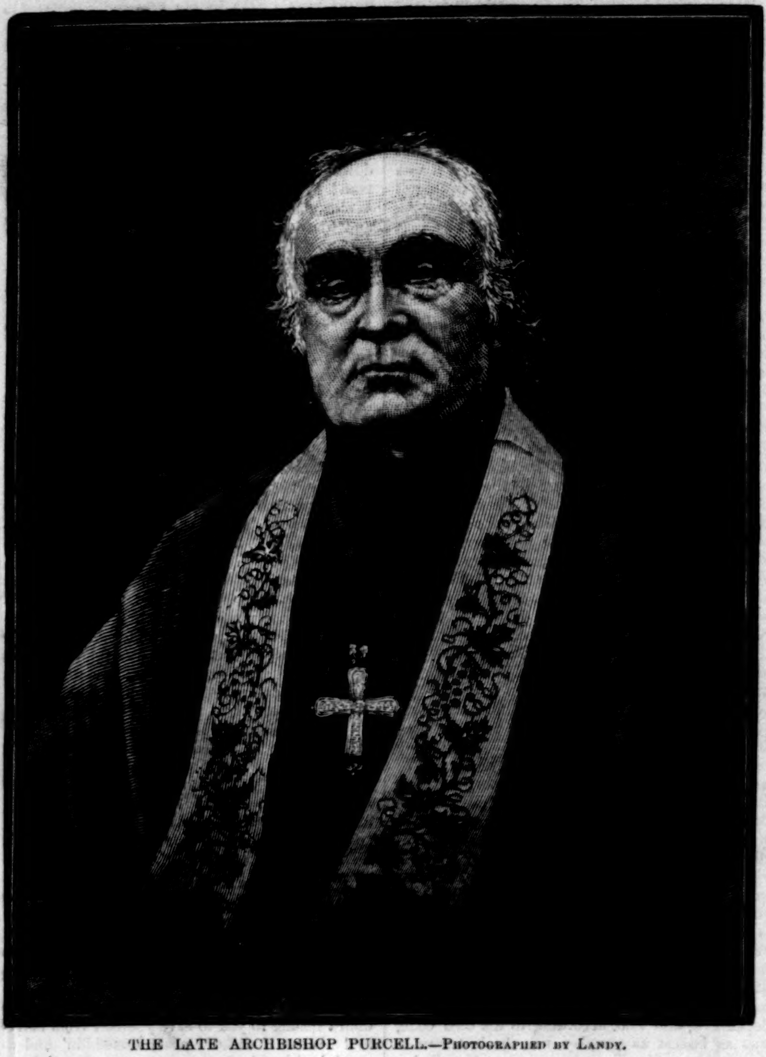
She stared, and then laughed, saying that I was a very impertinent young gentleman. I was certainly a very foolish one to suppose that nature and the habits of threescore years and ten could be changed by anything that I could say. Mrs. Farquhar went on as usual, and I can not flatter myself that my remonstrance produced so much as a transient effect upon her.

But with a hard frost which had held for ten days and showed no signs of yielding, and with the broads and dikes frozen the whole way from Thirlby to Yarmouth, I had not much leisure for brooding over domestic troubles. By great good luck the cold had come upon us without either wind or snow, so that the hundreds who honored Thirlby Broad with their company daily during the continuance of this splendid skating weather had a surface like that of a vast mirror upon which to perform their evolutions. Good skaters were not quite so common in those days as they are now, while ladies who could be induced to put on skates at all were few and far between. Skating ladies, like hunting ladies, were, at that particular period of history, apt to be looked upon a trifle askance, and their tastes to be qualified as "masculine"—a term of reproach. Other times, other manners; the timid young creature who wore ringlets, who could not make out the meaning of the funny slang words which her brothers used, and who would scream and put her fingers in her ears if a gun were fired off in her presence, is as extinct as that predecessor of hers whose habit it was to faint dead away at least once in every twenty-four hours; and in the place of these we have got what we have got. I am an old fogy and a *laudator temporis acti*; but let me hasten to add that, upon the whole, I prefer the modern forms of affectation to the by-gone ones. Maud Dennison, who never dreamed of taking the trouble to be affected at all, revealed herself that winter as a skater whom the whole county beheld with admiration. She did not do much in the way of figures; but she had thoroughly over-

come the difficulties of the outside edge, and to see her skimming across the Broads, lessening and lessening into the gray distance like a bird, was enough—as old Sir Digby Welby declared, in an unwonted access of enthusiasm—"to make a gouty man sit down and cry with vexation."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOHN BAPTIST PURCELL, ARCHBISHOP OF CINCINNATI.



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP PURCELL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LANDY.

THE death of Archbishop PURCELL, on the 4th inst., removes a notable figure from the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the United States. He was born in Mallow, Ireland, February 26, 1800, and came when yet a child to the United States. He was educated, as so many of the Catholic bishops have been, partly in the United States and partly in Europe. The first college attended by him was Mount St. Mary's, at Emmittsburg, Maryland. After leaving the college, he completed his education in St. Sulpice, Paris, and in that city was ordained priest. Upon his return home he was appointed Teacher of Theology at Mount St. Mary's, and President in 1829. In 1833 he was made Bishop of Cincinnati, the diocese embracing the entire State of Ohio.

Protestantism has grown rapidly in the States which cover the Ohio Valley, but Romanism has also advanced with prodigious strides. In 1833 there was but one Roman Catholic church in Cincinnati. The diocese of Cleveland was set off in 1847, and the diocese of Columbus in 1868. There are now in Hamilton County alone seventy-one Catholic churches; the archdiocese, notwithstanding its losses of territory, contains 186 churches and chapels, 213 priests, 1396 persons under monastic vows, and a Catholic population of 150,000. It is a fact strongly illustrative of Catholic methods of growth that the so-called "religious," who have taken vows, number one to every 107 of the Church population of all ages in the diocese. Through the energetic efforts of the Archbishop, Homes, Orphanages, and Protectories were founded; parochial schools were established to the number of eighty, providing for over 18,000 pupils. It was his purpose to place Catholicism, at this great centre of Western life, in the very front rank, and he spared neither labor nor money for the accomplishment of his object.

In his earlier life Archbishop PURCELL was a keen controversialist. His most famous debate was that with ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, the founder of the Church of the Disciples, on the "Infallibility of the Church of Rome." CAMPBELL was, like himself, an Irishman—an Irish Presbyterian by birth, one of the race who have for several centuries been sternly and relentlessly hostile to the claims of Romanism. He was a born debater, and lived all his days in an atmosphere of controversy. The discussion between the two champions lasted for seven days, during the year 1836. The period was one of theological ferment all through the West. Indeed, the only knights-errant ever known there were the knights-errant of doctrine; their tournaments were held in school-houses, town-halls, and groves, and were attended by hundreds and sometimes thousands of admiring backwoodsmen. This passion for controversy was a symptom of advancing civilization; the rough antagonisms of the frontier had been turned into the channel of theological polemics. The report of this debate was afterward published in a volume. Archbishop PURCELL also published during his life *Lectures and Pastoral Letters*, KENELM DIGBY'S *Ages of Faith*, and DONALD MACLEOD'S *History of the Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary in North America.*

It is to the honor of Archbishop PURCELL that during the civil war he unhesitatingly supported the national government. Under his episcopal vestments there beat a warm American heart. He publicly rebuked the *Freeman's Journal* and the *Metropolitan Record* for "instigating" the Catholics of New York to "evil words and deeds" during the draft riots. During that critical year he issued a pastoral containing these manly words: "We confess that it has greatly pained us to hear that certain rash, irreverent, and thoughtless men of our communion have cursed the government, the administration, and their abettors. Now God commands us to bless and curse not. And when men cursed the supporters of the government, did they not reflect that they cursed the more than hundreds of thousands of Catholic voters and soldiers in our army who defend that government in the field?" He exhorted his people to join, on the day of national thanksgiving, with their fellow-citizens in prayers for peace.

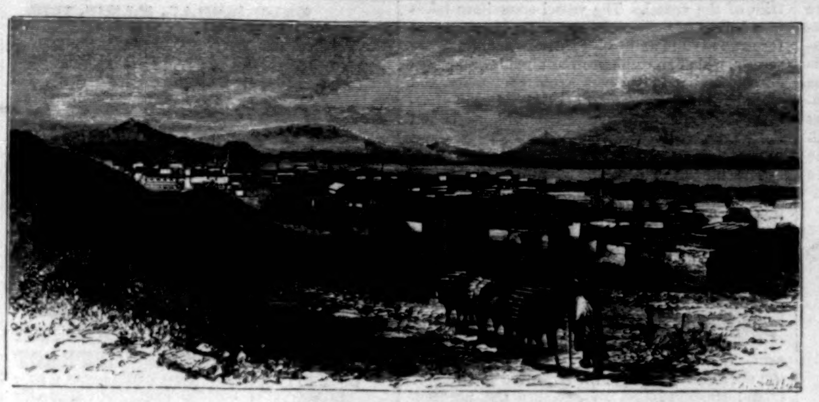
The diocese of Cincinnati was erected into an archiepiscopate in 1860, and Bishop PURCELL was made the first Archbishop. He was, indeed, almost the first Bishop of Ohio, having had but one predecessor, the Rev. Dr. EDWARD FENWICK. It may be fairly claimed that the enormous growth of the Church within the bounds of his jurisdiction has been effected under his inspiration and guidance. Where all the money was procured for so many and such various undertakings was a mystery until within a few years. The period from 1873 to 1880 was one of trial and disaster to the business men of the country, and of fatal disaster to Archbishop PURCELL. It was found that he had been intrusted with the savings of his flock, and had acted as their banker; in this capacity he failed, and the failure of the banker clouded the last days of the Archbishop. He was indebted to his people for money loaned to him on interest to the amount of $4,000,000; the available assets were under $500,000. The ambition of the prelate had conquered his prudence. He had invested the funds placed in his hands in vast fabrics erected for charitable and devotional uses, which could neither pay interest nor be turned into money. The sufferers were the poor. The censures which fell upon the head of the Archbishop were heavy, and not wholly unjust. His usefulness was practically at an end—a fact recognized by the appointment in 1880 of a coadjutor with the right of succession. It has seemed strange to Protestants that the Catholic Church has not assumed and paid these debts. Pastoral letters were issued by the bishops in this country recommending collections in the churches, but the proceeds have not met the claims of the Archbishop's creditors.

In 1869 Archbishop PURCELL went to the Vatican Council, and voted with the minority against "the opportuneness of the definition of papal infallibility." This was as far as the minority dared to go. Although the Catholic bishops in the United States may be classed as ultramontanes, in Archbishop PURCELL the ultramontane spirit was less pronounced than in others. He had many warmly attached friends, and was a man of blameless life. When his misfortunes became known, he appealed to the fact that the lost money had not been spent in luxury and self-indulgence. If one may judge from his manner on some important occasions, he was fond of the pomp and splendors of his office. He cherished the dream of the Catholic clergy in the United States, of the triumph of their Church, and did his utmost for its realization.

"HE HELD OPEN HIS GARDEN GATE FOR HER TO WALK OUT."—[SEE SERIAL, "THIRLBY HALL."]

333.

It requires perhaps a slight stretch of the quality in honor of which the chief town of New Mexico was named to accept the present celebration as really a "tertio-millennial," or three centuries and a third, since the settlement of Santa Fe. It is not yet four centuries by nine years since the landing of Columbus. Cortez first saw the Mexican coast in 1519, and did not discover the peninsula of California until 1536. The discovery of the site of Santa Fe itself by the officers of Cortez is assigned to the year 1540, ten years before the date accepted, for tertio-millennial purposes, as that of the actual founding of a European colony.



SANTA FE, FROM FORT MARCY.

But even if the antiquity of Santa Fe is exaggerated a few years, it is only a very few years, and it is a hoary antiquity compared with any of the settlements in the United States: 1550 strikes us as a mediæval date. Think of it! Cervantes was a child four years old; Spenser was not born for two years afterward, nor Sidney for four, nor Bacon for eleven, nor Shakspeare for fourteen. The great conflict between Catholicism and Protestantism had scarcely passed from the closet to the field. The revolt of the Netherlands, which first attacked the supremacy of Spain in Europe, did not begin for sixteen years. The destruction of the Armada, and with it of the Spanish power, was thirty-eight years off. Julian III. succeeded Paul III. in the seat of St. Peter, and Charles V. extended the blessings of the Holy Inquisition to the Netherlands, in the year that the Spanish settlers of Santa Fe were laying its walls of clay, and leaving them to bake to adobe in the rainless air and under the fervid sun.

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN AMERICA.

The oldest of our strictly "American" dates are modern enough in comparison. Jamestown can not celebrate its tertio-millennial until 1940, nor New York until 1947, nor Plymouth until 1953. It was only in 1880 that Boston was able to celebrate its quarto-millennial—a younger town by eighty years than Santa Fe; and when Virginia Dare, the first child born of English parents, was in her cradle, the half-breed progeny of the Spanish settlers of Santa Fe may have seen their grandchildren.

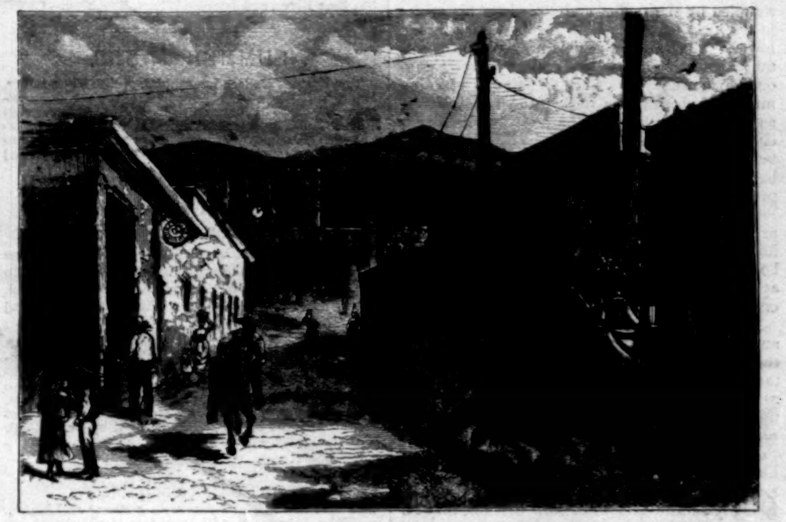
THE NEW CATHEDRAL.

It is evident that a "start" even of a century does not amount to much in the handicap which the different divisions of this continent have been running with each other for development. Santa Fe, until the American occupation, which is practically only a few years old, was very much the same sort of place under the effete civilization of Spain as it was under the previous administration of the Pueblo Indians, or of the Aztecs who possibly preceded them. It is very possible that if the monuments of the older civilization had been left uninjured, instead of being pulled down for the sake of their material, which was to be used over again in the Spanish erections, they might have been quite as imposing as these latter. The old pueblo, which antedates the Spanish occupation no one knows how far, still stands in massive ruins which enable the archæologist to make out its original arrangement. The architecture of Santa Fe, as of all the primitive Southwest, is determined by the conditions of soil and climate. The former furnishes the material in the form of clay; the latter dries it into substantial walls. It is the same mud architecture that was vernacular in Egypt, where M. Viollet-le-Duc has traced to this mud construction the characteristic forms of Egyptian architecture translated to stone in the monumental buildings of a later date. And it can not be said that the Spanish conquerors have improved upon their predecessors in their treatment of it. The use of this material necessitates a massive method of building, which gives the Spanish-American towns a more solid and old-world aspect than the American towns in the same regions. Cheap and simple as the construction is, it can hardly be so cheap and simple as the balloon frame of our own Western settlements, where lumber is made accessible by rail; and as Santa Fe increases under Yankee enterprise, it will exchange its ancient and somewhat shabby picturesqueness for the crude glare which characterizes the buildings of our frontier.

The story of Santa Fe from the time of its settlement by the Spaniards until the Yankee invasion is the uneventful story of a people who could commonly get enough to eat and drink without any arduous exertion, and who troubled themselves little about wherewithal they should be clothed, or indeed about anything else except the day that was passing over them. If Montesquieu was right in calling that people happy whose annals were tiresome, the Santa Feans should have been supremely happy. According to all accounts, they do derive a vegetable felicity from sitting on their heels in a shady place in hot weather, or a sunny place in cold weather, with a sufficient supply of tobacco. And in this manner they have beguiled the time since the day of the Spanish invasion, mixing themselves up dreadfully in the mean time from an ethnological point of view, and one year has been very much like another. The Spanish priesthood followed the conquerors, of course, and there are more than churches enough in Santa Fe to do all the business, according to American notions, especially as all of them are of one ecclesiastical variety, with no distinction beyond that of being placed under the special patronage of different saints. One of these, the Chapel of San Miguel, is "the oldest church in America," having been "rebuilt" in 1710.

The Spaniards by no means found it plain sailing after they had once possessed themselves of Santa Fe. The Indians of the sixteenth century were of a different type from their descendants, degenerated by strong waters and Spanish marriages. The town was the prize in many battles, and in 1680 an Indian confederacy was formed strong enough to drive the Spaniards out of the country, to which they did not return in triumph until twelve years afterward. In 1693, under De Vargue, the Spaniards reconquered the town, after a desperate fight, and from that time Santa Fe went the usual Spanish-American road. The arrangement of its houses recalls old Spain, the street front a mere dead wall with a *patio*, within which is at once the garden and the central court of the house, and from which its rooms open. The old Indian workings of the gold and silver mines were abandoned, at first as part of the terms of the capitulation, and afterward through laziness and lack of enterprise; and the place, in the process of its vegetation, went tranquilly and unobtrusively to seed.

But the Yankee cometh, in the which no man can play, neither can he sleep. It was in 1806 that Pike, whose name is best known by that of the eminent Peak, his namesake, appeared in Santa Fe, which struck him, as he viewed it from the neighboring heights, as resembling a "fleet of flat-bottomed boats on the Ohio River." The contrast between the splendors of the churches and the squalor of the houses also struck and disgusted the prosaic and Protestant mind of Pike. He found in the town only one citizen of the United States, James Pursley by name, who had been a fur trader, but had established himself at Santa Fe as a carpenter, where he was thriving. But it was a long time before these pioneers had any successors. The "Greasers" and the Indians went a good deal into politics, and from that to war, and Santa Fe was seldom as tranquil during the following half-century as it had been during the two centuries before. In 1846 the United States declared war against Mexico, and a strong force under General Kearny was sent to take possession of New Mexico. They seized Santa Fe without opposition, although there was plenty of desultory fighting to do afterward, and they built upon a height commanding the old town Fort Marcy, which has been occupied as a military post from that day to this, though the present Fort Marcy is on a different site.



SAN FRANCISCO STREET.

The troops of our country, however, are not great civilizers. They may in the generation that has elapsed since Fort Marcy was occupied have diffused some knowledge of poker among the Greasers. But Santa Fe remained remote, unfriended, melancholy, and extremely slow until the outbreak of the Southwestern mining "boom," and the subsequent extension of the Southwestern railroad system. The Americans in Santa Fe have arranged a most liberal and intelligent programme for the celebration, which is begun with this month, and is to go on into August, including

RUINS OF THE ANCIENT PUEBLO—CHURCH AND COLLEGE OF SAN MIGUEL.

THE SANTA FE CELEBRATION.

an exhibition of the mineral resources of the Territory, and a revival of the three civilizations which have successively swayed the destinies of Santa Fe. The explanation of the existence of the town through so many vicissitudes is that there is here an unfailing supply of water in a particularly thirsty land. That fact seems to promise a future of extended usefulness to Santa Fe, now that it has become the centre of a region obviously destined to a rapid development.

TO THE FUCHSIA.

Pretty fuchsia, fresh and quaint,
Trim and dainty, art thou not
Spirit held in sweet constraint
Of an old gavotte?

There's a lass I have in mind,
With a blithe old-fashioned face,
Thine her nature, frank and kind,
Thine her quiet grace.

Long-forgotten, old-time dance,
Modest, cheery little flower,
Wealth nor beauty could enhance
This my sweetheart's dower.

COTTON.

FROM THE PLOUGH TO THE LOOM.

By W. M. Burwell.

III.

The Warehouses.—Arrived at New Orleans, the cotton, which has been stowed, and piled up in tiers until it reaches in height the upper or hurricane-deck, is discharged under a foreman and gang with great system and rapidity, covered with tarpaulin if necessary, but at once conveyed in drays and floats to the warehouse. Here it is sampled by the factor, and placed on his tables in the most favorable light for inspection by the buyer. The float is a vehicle peculiar to the cotton cities, being a long, low, and very strong wagon, drawn usually by a splendid pair and a leading mule, and driven by a darky, who stands erect, as proud of his team, its harness, and its obedience as Captain Leathers is of the Natchez steamboat. There are in New Orleans warehouses having a capacity for storage far beyond the present receipt of the port. This storage, handling, and transfer require a vast force of men and animals among the boats, ships, and warehouses. The vehicles used for this purpose may be estimated at 8000, and the mules and horses at 15,000. The 'longshoremen and other laborers may be set down during the winter at 30,000.

More recently the relations between the white and colored races have been so well re-adjusted that the colored men have an association which parades in the same procession with the white men's association, and they constitute a common force upon all questions of wages or hours of work. The turn-out on these occasions is highly creditable to the colored members. They are dressed in black cloth suits, and present a favorable specimen of physical force and of orderly conduct. Being generally citizens of New Orleans, they do not partake of the vices and follies of the unregenerate roustabout or the rascalities of the saddle-colored statesmen.

Besides the warehouses, there are many private pickeries in which loose or damaged cotton is cleaned, dried, baled, or even compressed. The handling of a million and a half of bales must occasion more or less waste. This would be increased by torn bales and by packing handfuls of the staple into the "hickory shirts" and blouses of the employés. If this waste should average a pound per bale, it would amount to more than 3000 bales; but the damage to cotton by fire and water, on steamboats, warehouses, and ships, so increases this quantity that the city crop is sometimes estimated as high as 25,000 bales. This represents in chief part salvage and thrift, and not the spoils of theft.

Facilities of Transfer.—It may be remarked that the city of New Orleans was founded upon the theory that as there was no other outlet to the ocean than by way of the Balize, the exports and imports of the Mississippi Valley could only be conducted through the agency of factors and middle-men. There was then no necessity for economy of labor or cost; on the contrary, all charges were laid in view of the fact that the business season was short and the epidemic dangerous. Exceptional profits were therefore certainly justifiable. Drayage and storage were a large part of the legitimate business of the city, and any attempt to dispense with either was regarded with disfavor.

The modern competition of other ports, and the diversion of the valley trade upon lines offering superior facilities, with less cost of transit and transfer, have compelled the adoption of similar facilities in New Orleans. Hence she has built elevators, constructed railroads and transfer machinery, instead of the manual labor formerly used for the same purpose. While the value of transit goods will be thereby greatly increased by way of New Orleans, the men and mules now employed in this transfer may be sent to the plantation for the production of staple crops.

Shipping the Cotton.—Loading a vessel is always a work of much skill and responsibility. With cotton it is especially the case. It is conducted by a stevedore (a name left by the Spaniards), who is a somewhat humanized improvement on the mate of the steamboat—generally, we may say, a man of experience and a property owner. The process of stowing the compressed bales requires good judgment not only as to the economy of space, but as to the strength and trim of the vessel. The vessel sometimes takes in a ballast of bulk grain, and the cotton is stored fore and aft and amidships by the use of immense screws, which so condense the already compressed cotton that it becomes a compact mass, and will act almost as a part of the vessel in the buffets which she is to receive from the winds and the waves on the voyage to which she is about to be exposed.

The increased capacity of transportation effected by the compressing by steam or hydraulic process is demonstrated by the fact that steamers carrying 10,000 bales of cotton have crossed the bar of the Mississippi, when formerly 4000 to 5000 bales were a large cargo. But a further compression is practicable. It is the manufacture of cotton into yarns and cloths. This would bring a bale of raw cotton into perhaps one-fifth of the space now occupied by it. Already, however, this improvement in the carrying capacity of the ocean steamers and the improved facilities of inland transportation so expedite the preparation and exportation of the staple that the cotton season closes perhaps two months earlier at present than formerly.

We have thus conducted the growth and preparation of this important staple from the seed to the spindle, and having bid the noble steamer which leaves the port of New Orleans for the mills and looms of Manchester good-by, must take our leave of the reader.

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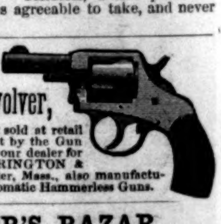

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